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Very truly Yours

J. Christiancy

A Tribute

TO THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JONAS CHICKERING.

"BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL."

Parker, Richard Green

"Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,—
. . . . I honored him, I loved him, and will weep."
KING JOHN.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION. 3070

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TO

Thomas E., C. Francis, and George B. Chickering.

The following "Tribute" to the memory of your excellent Father, I respectfully dedicate to you. If it be not worthy of the subject, its sincerity must in some measure, at least, atone for its defects.

My acquaintance with him commenced many years ago, when, in your early days, he consigned the education of his two elder sons to my care. Called as I was, shortly afterwards, to a different field of labor, my interest in him and in you has never ceased; and while I rejoiced at his well earned prosperity, I could not feel a less degree of joy in seeing the early promise of the sons ripening into a character worthy of the father. Should I fail in my attempt to do justice to his memory, I trust that my endeavor to make his successors better known will not be wholly in vain.

Respectfully,

RICHARD G. PARKER.

Boston, February, 1854.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The sources from which we have derived the facts and statements detailed in the following pages are believed to be authentic. Many of them are founded on personal knowledge, and all the rest either on printed documents, or on the direct testimony of the early and intimate friends of the excellent and worthy man, whose worth, with a just and unexaggerated commendation, we would commemorate. If, in vindicating his claims to originality of invention, we have in any instance done injustice to the superior claims of others we shall be glad to make honorable amends. We are aware that our materials are scanty, and that the stirring events of his life were few; but we are not conscious of any endeavor to give a factitious importance to circumstances trivial in themselves and beneath the dignity of sober history. Fortunately for our purpose, many of his earliest and most intimate friends are still among us, including his teachers, his school-fellows, and his earliest fellow-laborers. From them we have derived considerable information with regard to his early days. His later history

is too well known among us to require any labored proof. A desire to perpetuate the record of "excellent service, tried worth, and irreparable loss" is our only motive in the preparation of these pages, of which we have only to regret that we could not bring to the work a degree of talent and of time commensurate with the zeal with which it has been undertaken.

A TRIBUTE.

The stone which is cast on the waters of the lake, ruffles its surface and causes a ripple which "verges in successive rings" till it dies away in faintness on the shore. The choral sounds which give delight to the ear and harmonize with the feelings, undulate through the air till they also are lost to our senses. But philosophy teaches us that effects are in both cases produced which, although inappreciable by finite beings, are not lost when they cease to be the objects of sense; and a distinguished author has lately suggested that the voices of our primitive parents may still be vibrating in the fields of infinite space, and the light of long-lost worlds be still shining "far beyond the ken of mortal vision," with an energy which, though still decreasing, can never wholly die away. The suggestion is by no means a philosophical fallacy. Atoms form worlds, worlds form systems, and systems compose the created universe. Causes

produce effects, and these effects are the secondary causes of other effects still working under the eye of that Great First Cause, which directs, controls, suggests all that happens.

But it is not to the material creation alone that we would apply this great philosophical truth. There is a universe of thought as well as of matter, a boundless creation of moral agencies still at work, whose effects can no more be controlled by the boundaries of human understanding, than can material agencies by human perception. The tear of sympathy, the hand extended to relieve, the word of encouragement, the whispers of admonition, the reproaches of conscience, all produce their immediate and perhaps sensible effects; but beyond the visible sphere of their operations, they send a thrill through the moral universe, that extends through all the orders of existence up to the throne of God. No one is independent. As well might we expect the universal law of gravitation partial in its operation, that one lawless particle could wander through the universe of God unaffected and alone, as that an act, a thought, a feeling of a single individual could exist without an influence as wide in its extent, as powerful in its operation, as lasting in its duration, as those mate-

rial causes whose effects extend to the remotest corners of the universe. No one can be so humble as to be overlooked in the providence of God, nor can a human being exist without exerting an influence as boundless as the duration of his immortal soul. Misfortunes may assail him, adversity may cast him into obscurity, and abject poverty may crush the aspirations of his soul, but his place in the grand scale of being is still filled, and he is either the subject or the object of all the passions of human nature, the agent who exerts, or as the object, the field of their exertion; and the great law of action and reäction, is no less susceptible of moral than of mechanical application.

But we are not blind to the truth that the apparent influence of an individual is in some measure dependent upon his station in life. An object on the hill is more perceptible than one in the valley, but it has not more reality. The bright background of the former presents a bolder outline, and its lineaments are more strongly portrayed; but it is the valley which makes the hill, and the contrast between the objects alone makes the apparent difference in the objects, according to their respective position.

The warrior, the statesman, the monarch, with

all their proud array, are the mere concentration of individual influences, as the mighty ocean is the mere aggregation of watery particles, which owe their power to their union. If in the one case the subjects are rebellious and refuse their individual coöperation to maintain the authority of the sovereign, and if on the other, each particle exhibits a repulsive energy, both will sink into insignificance. What was the "*Merry Monarch*," who subsequently swayed the destinies of England, when, a fugitive and an exile, he sought the humblest shelter that would secure his safety. The Eighteenth Louis of France was long a stipendiary of the court of England, and the Great Alfred patiently endured the reproaches of the mistress of a cottage. Diocletian in his garden exerted as powerful an influence as when he controlled the eagles of imperial Rome; and Charles of Germany, whether his abdication was caused by a realization of the vanities of worldly pomp, or by superstitious fears of a harmless comet, exerted no greater an effect on mankind when his power was a source of uneasiness to all the other princes of Europe, than when he exchanged sovereignty, dominion, and worldly grandeur for the solitary quiet of the cloisters of St. Justus. How many have

seen in this instance of repudiation the emptiness of human grandeur, and how little satisfaction the cup of human pleasure can give to the thirst of an immortal soul. The pages of history inform us of the contests of the mighty chief of the Holy Roman Empire in his struggles for undisputed sovereignty. They give us graphic details of his influence among princes and potentates and among the lofty of this world. But the record of the influence of his example of retirement, his surrender of the pomp of sovereignty, has not been unrolled. How many have been led aside from the paths of ambition by this revelation of the emptiness of rank, will be learnt only when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and we shall know even as we are known. The storm may ruffle the surface of the deep and threaten to unbare its secret springs; but its own mightiness furnishes a recuperative energy, that allays the tempest and restores the calm; while the little insect, unseen, unnoticed, invisible, prepares his habitation for ages in successive generations, and lays the foundations of future continents. It is not the mighty energies of nature by which the great physical changes of the world have been wrought. Convulsions may agitate discordant elements, but it is the calm that

succeeds in which the sedimentary formations are made by which the configuration of our globe has been most affected.

It is not, then, among the mighty of this world alone that we are to look for those whose influence and whose example have been most efficacious in their day and generation, and whom Providence has most highly honored by making them the instruments of widely-extended purposes. Each one has a part to perform, a space to fill in the mighty plan of the Almighty Mind, and each is invested with mutual powers of action and reaction. Great events follow the most apparently insignificant causes. Who could have foreseen that the desire of a monarch to be better lodged would not only have lost the brightest jewel of his crown, but also given a westward course to the star of empire?* Who could have dreampt that the fall of an apple would have led the mind of a philosopher to the discovery of the law by which worlds are controlled, and completely revolutionized the whole domain of science? Who would have supposed

* History informs us that the real cause of the taxation of the American Colonies was not so much to obtain indemnification for the expenses of the French and Indian war, as to furnish the means of gratifying the architectural taste of George III., then a young man, and enable him to build a new palace.

that the playful fancies of an unfaithful boy* would have led to the perfection of that mighty engine, whose "tramp, tramp, upon the land, and splash, splash, upon the sea," has brought the remotest ends of the earth into communion, and released so many thousands of hands from hard and fatiguing labor? Who would have guessed that the playful pastimes of children† would have led to the invention of that wonderful instrument which has brought countless worlds within the field of distinct vision? Who could have imagined that the morbid appetite of a diseased woman‡ would have unfolded to the world that wonderful science, by which man has been enabled to penetrate the secrets of nature and enlist in his service that tremendous agent, against whose power neither time, nor space, nor solidity are of any avail? But why should we multiply instances? The history of the world is full of proof that the world is more indebted to apparent insignificance for the greatest changes in its physical condition, and the history of man records a greater number of beneficial changes from the operation of humble and appa-

* Humphrey Potter. See history of the Steam-engine.

† See history of the Telescope.

‡ See history of Galvanic Electricity.

rently insignificant means, than from all that is called great and wise and learned.

Thus much of apology we make for obtruding upon the world some notice of the life of one who though dead yet speaketh, and who in the retired walks of private life has exerted an influence in the community which will long be felt even where he was unknown; an individual who by patient industry and fidelity and in loved seclusion unconsciously elevated himself to the highest rank, a rank unrecognized by stars, garters, and emblazonment, but above them all — the order of nature's nobility. Jonas Chickering was one of nature's noblemen. Endowed with that native diffidence which is often the presage of real worth, he was a man whose character was to be studied before it could be known. Gifted with no ordinary degree of penetration, he understood character better than he was understood himself; and although, from an over-easy disposition, he might suffer himself to become a victim, he could never be made a dupe. Winning his way to prosperity by patient application rather than by penurious savings, his was a liberality tempered by judgment and discretion, which sought its objects not with ostentatious display, but with a single eye to

general usefulness. Many were in his employ, and he singled out occupations for all according to their respective ability. He required from all their best services, but he always suited the nature of the service to their respective abilities. Few applied to him for employment without success in their application, but he was singularly fortunate in discovering each man's particular *vein*. As in the beautiful pieces of mechanism that emanated from his hands, the materials of the same stock were selected with a discriminating eye, some for beauty, some for strength, and all for a due effect; so among them who shaped those materials he had the judgment to discern what particular duty could be best performed by each individual, and nothing was neglected, nothing done amiss. This was the great secret of his success. It was this that gave confidence to the public in everything that proceeded from his hands, and his name was the guaranty of perfection in his works. And while this peculiar skill was thus attended by public patronage and success, his own sense of imperative justice taught him to obey the divine injunction not to "muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." He demanded, it is true, the best services of those in his employ, but

he met them with a just and liberal compensation. He required that all should follow his own example of steady habits and industrious occupation, but all his requirements were tempered by a proper consideration of what is due from man to man. The consequence of all this was, that he was at all times surrounded by a set of men skilful as artisans, faithful as assistants, valuable as citizens, respecting themselves, and respected as members of society. Few who were employed by him voluntarily left his service, unless to set up in business for themselves, and among those, who, in the respectable vocation which he followed, now flourish in this city, there are many who owe their success to the industrious habits and skill which they obtained while in his employ.

Nor was his patronage confined to his own occupation. Whatever of taste or beauty his discriminating eye could discern in other departments of mechanical or artistic skill, was sure of his encouragement, and what is more, of substantial patronage. Pure and simple in his tastes, retiring in his manners, but quick to discern real merit, his hand was open, with his heart in it, whenever an occasion was presented for a benificent liberality. But his liberality never degener-

ated into a useless profusion, nor did his generosity sink into prodigality. He knew the value of money, without valuing it; and used it as a means, without pursuing it as an end. In all the details of business he was scrupulous and exact, rendering to all their dues, and demanding his own, except when such demand was productive of inconvenience to those from whom it was due, and then he considered it his own no more. He knew how to confer a favor in such a way as not to make it felt as an obligation, and while his own liberality was poured forth with an unsparing hand, he demanded nothing but silence in return. It was absolutely painful to him to be reminded of a favor that he had bestowed, and his self-complacency could only be restored when he had found an opportunity silently to confer another. He kept open no "running charity account with heaven;" it was sufficient for him to know that there was need, and his hand unconsciously opened. His only study was to know how, with the least publicity and with the utmost delicacy, his liberality could be most usefully exerted, and when that study was completed, there was no after-thought.

Such, in brief, was the character of the man to

whose memory these few pages are devoted; and we think that it will not be uninteresting to the public to know something of the history of a life which, though unmarked by stirring events, was pure and consistent, and presents an example worthy of close imitation. There is a beauty in such a character which affection loves to cherish in dearest memory, and friendship delights to commemorate in terms of warmth and admiration. The task should have been performed by abler hands, his virtues portrayed in more eloquent language; and doubtless there are many among us who have been the recipients of his bounty, who would gladly have devoted their pens and their voices to the grateful labor, but are restrained only by a too sensitive diffidence of their ability to render adequate justice to his memory. The tribute which we would pay must make up in sincerity what is lacking in ability; and if we have not ourselves been the recipients of that bounty which was so eagerly watchful in seeking out its objects, we can speak as a delighted witness of its activity. The value of a benefaction is materially affected by the manner in which it is bestowed; and that benevolence is the more highly to be prized which is not called

forth on particular occasions, but gushes out from a heart overflowing with tender sensibilities. And when to this benevolence is superadded the superior grace of religious principle and true Christian charity, the character which is raised upon it becomes rounded off into a beautiful fulness of such exquisite proportions, that we can give it no more appropriate name than that of the Christian gentleman.

In the undertaking which we have commenced, we have but one ground of fear, and that is that we shall fail in portraying that beautiful harmony which his life and character presented. The strongest expressions of panegyric may be uttered without fulsomeness, and yet injustice done to his memory by neglecting to present in proper relief that symmetry which existed among all his virtues, by which liberality was prevented from degenerating into prodigality, a wise prudence into meanness, economy into parsimony, trust into credulity, facility of approach into too great familiarity, and sensibility into weakness. There was an openness and sincerity in all his dealings, with but one exception, and that was when he had conferred a favor, and that he required should be as secret as if it had been delivered under the seal of confes-

sion. He concealed even from the knowledge of his own immediate family, and even from her from whom he kept no other secrets, every act of this kind, and they were very many; and indeed so secret was he about such matters, that it was not seldom the case that they were placed under considerable embarrassment from the expressions of gratitude from the recipients for acts of generosity of which they were utterly ignorant. A case of this kind we will relate which we know to be authentic. A distinguished gentleman of the medical profession, now deceased, called one day on Mrs. C., and with a heart overflowing with gratitude expressed with considerable emotion his acknowledgments for the generous benefaction bestowed a day or two before by Mr. C. on the benevolent institution with which he was connected. The lady, considerably embarrassed, was at last compelled to confess her entire ignorance of the subject which had called forth these expressions of grateful emotion; and the gentleman himself was the first to inform her what her husband had done. He had sent one of the best instruments of his manufacture to the Institution for the Blind at South Boston. When she afterwards gently reproached him for not having informed her

of it, his reply was characteristic. "My dear," said he, "I never thought of it."

Another instance or rather instances of his stealthy manner of conferring benefits, we have from the lips of one who knew him well, the gentleman who for many years before the erection of the two new edifices which now adorn our city, has had the charge of the favorite hall of public exhibitions. It is well known that the splendid corridors connected with his warerooms were the favorite resort of all the artists, foreign or domestic, connected with the musical profession, and that his manufactory furnished most of the instruments which were used in public exhibitions. This circumstance introduced him to many persons of rare talents, but slender means, whose support was dependent upon public patronage at their exhibitions. On such occasions it was his custom to scan the house with an eye of calculation, and to inquire of the keeper whether *the exhibition would pay;* and on being answered in the negative, he would whisper to the keeper, "Charge the expenses of the house and fifty dollars worth of tickets to me," at the same time enjoining the utmost secrecy. In what more delicate manner could a charity be bestowed without burdening the recip-

ient by a sense of obligation! Indeed, in all his benefactions, one would suppose from his manner that he himself was the recipient instead of the benefactor, and they were sure of disturbing his composure who reminded him of the favors they had received at his hands.

Another incident, which we have from the lips of one who best knew all the circumstances of the case. Mr. C. and some of the members of his family, the constant companions of all his excursions, were at one of the public houses in New York, when they were honored by a call from one of the most distinguished of our American poets, who urged the hospitalities of his house with emphatic earnestness, and was most unintermittent in his attention during the whole of the stay of the party in that city. These civilities, gratifying as doubtless they were, were received by most of the party with much surprise, nor could they account for the heartiness with which they were evidently bestowed. This surprise was heightened by a circumstance which subsequently occurred. The brother of the poet was on the eve of his departure to Europe for his education, and although he had parents and near friends in the city, he preferred taking his last dinner on shore at the hospitable

table of Mr. C., where, although a welcome guest, his appearance at such an hour caused no little surprise among the family, who naturally supposed that his last hours before sailing would be spent in his own family circle. There were but two at the table who could solve the mystery; but both were silent. The solution we present in the words of the young man himself: —

"Many years since, a boy who thought and dreamed of nothing but music, wandered into a certain large establishment in Boston, where his favorite instruments were manufactured. Passing into the extensive saloons where these instruments were displayed, he sought out a quiet corner, and seating himself at one of those magnificent pianos, he first looked around to be sure that no one was listening, and then began to play some of those beautiful waltzes of Beethoven which at that time so suited his capacity and suited his heart. Borne away in a delicious musical reverie, he did not for some time observe that a figure had stolen up to him and was listening as he played. A benevolent face was over him and a kind voice addressed words of commendation and praise, which being the first the boy had received, sent the blood tingling through his cheeks. The proprietor of the

establishment, for it was he, then asked the boy if he would like to come and live among those pianos, discoursing just such music to purchasers, thus forming, in a word, a connexion with his establishment. But books and college were before the boy, and wondering at the proposition, he timidly thanked the proprietor and declined.

"Years passed away; school and college were done with, and the books thrown aside. The boy had reached manhood; but still the spirit of music haunted him, and again he found himself in those spacious saloons. He had just ceased playing upon one of those magnificent instruments again, and stood looking dreamily out of the window down upon the crowded Washington street below. Again a quiet figure stole up to him, and a most musical and pleasant voice began to speak. The person before him was of small stature, had the manners and garb of a gentleman, was dressed in black, with a single magnificent diamond pin in his bosom; the only contrast in his appearance, was the clean white apron of a workman which he wore. It was the proprietor of the establishment again, who, wealthy as he was, had his own little working cabinet, with an exquisite set of tools, and there put the finishing touch he entrusted

to no one else. The proprietor inquired kindly of the young man as to his plans for life. These, alas, were undetermined. The voice of music was more fascinating than ever, but a learned profession of some kind seemed to be the wishes and expectations of his friends. Music, however, was his first and strongest love, and he had sometimes thought if he could but go abroad to study, he would decide for that. But he was poor. His father had given him his college education and his blessing, as capital for life. A harsh struggle with the world was before him; music, therefore, was hardly to be thought of.

"In the quietest tone of that low, pleasant voice, the proprietor, as though making an ordinary remark, rejoined, '*Well, but then if the sum of five hundred dollars a year, for a period of four years, will suit your purpose, I could easily supply you with that.*'

"The world grew dim before him, and the young man almost staggered with surprise; but when he recovered himself there was the same quiet gentleman standing beside him, and looking pleasantly out of the window. Two months afterwards the young man sailed for Europe, where he passed the allotted time, and longer from means

with which his own compositions in the meantime furnished him. And whatever of knowledge, and whatever of artistic culture, and whatever of success in life as connected with art, have since been his, he ascribes entirely to that most generous and noble-hearted Mecænas of art; and to the latest day of his life will he never cease to cherish the memory of his first and best friend.

"That noble friend was Jonas Chickering of Boston, now lying cold in death, and that boy the present editor of the New York Musical World, the writer of this article; and nothing would have prevented a grateful declaration of this noble deed, but the unwilling condition, absolutely imposed, *of silence; that the circumstance should be revealed to none but parents.* But such a condition is surely cancelled by death; and a long-repressed gratitude must at length proclaim itself to the world."*

* There are now two young ladies in Europe, who, having been sent out for their musical education, have already achieved considerable distinction. It was mainly through the exertions of Mr. C. and his "material aid," that the necessary funds were raised to enable them to procure an education deemed necessary to raise an expectant to the neighborhood of the pinnacle of fame.

Indeed his knowledge of any case of indigent merit was always sure to nullify the adage of Juvenal:—

"Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
Res augusta domi."

If all the pent-up gratitude now glowing in the hearts of those who have been the recipients of his bounty, should break out into utterance, a chorus would be heard as loud, as full, as emphatic as was ever pealed forth in sincerity to the praise of mortal man. Many of those whom he has benefitted have gone before him to the world of spirits, with blessings on their lips, as they left the world, for him who had softened their pillows and soothed their declining years. It is doubtless the case that he was not unfrequently imposed upon by many who applied to him for relief; but on such occasions he was the victim neither of weakness nor of credulity. His benefactions were singularly judicious, and although bestowed with no sparing hand, they always met the case of present necessity. It was a rule that seems to have been self-imposed, that the relief of one case of real suffering was cheaply purchased at the price of numerous benefactions; and he seemed to have borrowed from the law that humane adage, that it is better that many culprits should go unscathed, than that one innocent person should be victimized. He did not therefore borrow from his neighbors that custom which drives all mendicants from the door, referring them to houses and insti-

tutions for relief, or the eleemosynary establishments of the city, but all who came were sure of the means of relieving present necessity.

We have thus dwelt considerably at length upon one peculiar trait of his character, which had grown into such dimensions, and had become so notorious, that it came uppermost into the mouths of all whenever his name was mentioned, and made them indifferent to what was behind it. He was indeed a self-made man, with no boast of ancestry, no stars nor garters nor emblazonment to fall back upon, to give him an artificial importance in the eyes of his fellow-men. But they who look only at his charities, see but a part, and that but a small part, of the man. There is a beauty in his early life, which we think far eclipses any peculiar trait which adorned his manhood; and we propose to recite the particulars of those early years, which we have learnt from the lips of those who knew him best. For what we state we have the most undoubted authority.

Jonas Chickering was the second son of Abner Chickering, a blacksmith, and an excellent farmer, of New Ipswich, in the State of New Hampshire, a town which can boast of its Farrars, its Apple-

tons, its Goulds, and many others distinguished alike in the annals of law, of science, of medicine, and of divinity, as well as in the pursuit of honest, honorable, and successful commercial enterprise. The father resided for several years at Mason village, and shortly after the birth of Jonas, in the year 1798, he purchased the farm known as the Knowlton Place in New Ipswich, where he resided until his death in the year 1841, at the age of seventy-four years. His children were Mary, Samuel, Jonas, Melinda, Eliza, Rebecca, and Charles. He is described in the annals of the town as "an excellent farmer, an amiable and industrious man, and a useful citizen."

In those days a poor man's wealth was in his children, and more especially the boys, who could assist their fathers in the field; and the subject of these memoirs was like others of his age required to eat the bread of carefulness and earn it "by the sweat of his brow." But dutiful as he was, and willing to take his share in the business of the field, it soon became apparent that his heart was not in the work. The ruling passion is of early birth, and it was strongly suspected from little circumstances which then occurred, that although he did not shrink from the labors of the

field, his genius was more directed toward the construction of the implements of agriculture than to the use of them. The action of one mechanical agency upon another had more attractions to him than their mutual action on the soil; and it soon became apparent that there was too little of mind in practical agriculture in those days to give activity to the buoyancy of his intellectual powers. It will be remembered that in those days, chemistry was scarcely acquainted with her sister science, agriculture, nor indeed was any relationship suspected between them. The former was bent on the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and the latter was busied solely in banishing all stones from her fields as useless rubbish, impeding her progress and stopping the mouth of her coffers. The former was closely enveloped in an impenetrable hood, diving and delving among crucibles, furnaces, and alembics, toiling on in secret in pursuit of—she knew not what; while the latter, in sunshine and in rain-drop, was exacting from the reluctant soil the scanty returns of wearisome and wasting labor. The former was pursuing bubbles that burst before they were fully inflated, and uttering a jargon unintelligible to the world, and which the world did not care to learn. The latter

considered all things as bubbles that did not contribute to the granary and the haystack, and cared little about language that soared above the field and the flock. In such a state of affairs the implements of husbandry were handed down from father to son without a suspicion that they were susceptible of improvement. The simple contrivances, which had subserved the purposes of one generation, were quietly surrendered to its successor, unquestioned and unsuspected, and the only solicitude with regard to them was that they should be kept in decent repair. As agriculture, therefore, presented but a small field for the display of mental activity or mechanical talent, it was followed by our young friend only so far as it was an imperative duty; faithfully, it is true, but with an aversion which was but awkwardly concealed. His bent was to a different occupation, and accordingly at the age of seventeen he went to learn the art of cabinet-making of Mr. John Gould, with whom he remained for a period of three years.

The establishment of Mr. Gould was on a limited scale, but it was the only one within twenty miles of the town, and of course was the resort of all young persons about to set up a domestic

establishment, as well as those whose domestic articles had fallen into decay. Here our young friend was found from early morning to late in the evening; applying himself to a skilful use of the tools which he subsequently turned to so useful a purpose. To use the language of a fellow-townsman and cotemporary, "He never wasted a moment." He was punctual and systematic, and during the whole of work-time he might be found at his bench, cheerfully whistling some simple melody, while his hands were busily employed at the work before him. The Sabbath found him regularly at the village church, and his deportment there was in perfect keeping with the solemnity of the place and the sanctity of the day. The promises which he made connected with his work were performed with the most scrupulous fidelity. If a piece of work was to be done at a certain day or hour, his promise was a guaranty of the certainty of its completion. In this respect particularly how many there are among us who would profit by his example. Promises are star-like in number, but like comets rare if not unexpected in the performance.

At the expiration of three years, during which time he had matured the habits of fidelity and

industry which always distinguished his character, he was released by his master and sought a different field of action. Previous to this time his means for intellectual improvement were scanty and his time short. The school-room, it is true, was open, but it was not then as now the free resort of all who are disposed to profit by it; but, like the temple of Janus, its doors creaked upon their hinges only when the elements were at war and interfered with the labors of the field. Then, during the short period of six or seven weeks at the most, from the age of eight to fourteen, the whole time amounting in the aggregate to less than one year, his was the privilege, to use the language of his teacher, still living in our city, "to struggle and wallow through the snow with his brothers and sisters to the school-house, and after brushing off the snow and warming his fingers, hurry to his seat and apply himself to his studies as though his life depended on the improvement of the present moment." Such was the sum-total of his early education, and such was the foundation on which he reared so respectable a superstructure of intellectual improvement. He lost his mother quite early in life, and the tender assiduities of that parent, on whom the future

prosperity of the boy is so often dependent, were consequently unenjoyed. But nature did that for him which so many find such difficulty in doing for the objects of their solicitude, by infusing into his very constitution and temperament that peculiar delicacy of feeling and propriety of deportment by which he was so strongly characterized. The mother was wanting, and a kind nature supplied her place. His application in the pursuit of knowledge in whatever path he could find it, was industrious, nay, absolutely severe. But music had for him peculiar charms. Could a foresight of the position which he subsequently held in the musical world have been presented to him at that time, it would doubtless have excited more surprise than was felt by the fabulous Eastern youth, at the wondrous exploits of the slaves of the Lamp or of the Ring.* His first studies in the science of

* The story of "*Aladdin; or, the Wonderful Lamp*," is too familiar to require comment, but it may perhaps add to the zest with which many pore over the pages of the "*Arabian Nights Entertainment*," to know that the lapse of more than a thousand years since the reign of the illustrious Haroun Al Raschid, the cotemporary of Charlemagne, has wrought but little change in the domestic habits, manners, and customs of those Eastern nations which figure in the magic pages of these romances. Indeed, for a pretty accurate description of "Life among" those interesting nations at

harmony were as rude as those of the classic shepherd, who was accustomed

"in triviis
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen."

Imagine a boy of twelve years, blowing "*the squeaking fife*" by the side of tall six-feet men, keeping time and tune with due precision to the tap of the drum — a precision which they in vain attempted to emulate — and the scene is before you. His next attempt was with the clarionet, an instrument which in those days was considered altogether too difficult for general use, and proficiency on which was deemed quite an achievement. It was not until after he had commenced his apprenticeship that he dared to attempt the rudiments of sacred music; but in a short time, such were his diligence and application, he learnt to read music *at sight*, an accomplishment exceed-

the present time, the descriptions of "Scheherazade" may be received as good authority, omitting only the exploits of genii, ghoules, and other "*machinery*" with which they are somewhat encumbered. When instruction can thus be conveyed under the semblance of amusement, the volume cannot be without its use. There is little to be feared from the supernatural features of the work in these days, for

— "even the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
The story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull."

ingly rare in this country in those days; and his head, his heart, and his affections were full of music. But here nature, though partial in many things, seemed to be unkind. "He had little voice," to use the language of his teacher, "to give utterance to his knowledge and feelings." But perhaps this gift was withheld in kindness; for many are the trials and temptations of the young man who "*has a voice.*" How often has this dangerous gift which causes so much delight to others proved the ruin of its possessor. And in this case had the blessing so much craved been bestowed, how many acts of kindness, of liberality and usefulness, might have been left undone.*

* We borrow the expression of his teacher with regard to his voice, which seems to have been of a character but little understood at the time, and its place assigned, if assigned at all, with but little judgment. Many among us probably recollect the time when to "*sing counter*" was considered a very rare accomplishment, and not to be attempted excepting by a master. A voice naturally adapted to that part was deemed out of place in the scale as it was then filled, and the part which properly belonged to it was engrossed by the female voice. We owe it in great measure to the pioneer labors of Lowell Mason, Esq., and other gentlemen who have followed after him, if not exactly in his footsteps, that the parts are now generally filled in our country towns and villages by those voices which nature seems to have adapted expressly for them, or rather that were originally suggested by nature for the peculiar character of the voice.

The course of a man's whole life is often determined by some apparently trivial circumstance. A misdirected potato in the hands of a mischievous college-boy has given to the world one of the most graceful and accomplished historians of our age;* and New England itself owes most of its pilgrim virtues and success, if not its very existence, to the effects of the treachery purchased by a base bribe.†

It was when Mr. C. was in the last year of his apprenticeship, and at the age of nineteen, that he first became acquainted with the internal structure

Mr. C. had a voice, but it was of a peculiar character, and to use an expression of his fellow-townsman, although it was weak yet "*it always told.*" His conceptions in music were delicate, and his taste far beyond that of the age. It will be recollected, however, that we speak now of this country alone. The visits of foreign artists of great celebrity, and the necessary growth of refinement and taste consequent upon the advantages of hearing good models, have within a very few years contributed much to the diffusion of a higher standard than was supposed possible a quarter of a century ago.

* The distinguished author of Ferdinand and Isabella, &c.

† The Puritans, who settled in Plymouth, designed to settle farther to the south; but history informs us that the captain of the ship was bribed to carry them to the north of the Dutch Possessions, and that they were thus landed on the bleak and uninviting shores of New England.

of the piano-forte. An instrument of this kind, the only one in his native town, had fallen into disuse for the want of tuning and some slight repairs; and although he had seen no other instrument of the kind, and of course was wholly unacquainted with its complicated structure, he undertook the task of restoring it to usefulness. This was a work of no small labor, but fertile in expedients, and persevering in whatever he undertook, he had the satisfaction of seeing his labors crowned with success. How little did he dream at that time, that in a few short years he would be the master-spirit of an establishment which would send forth to the world by thousands every year, instruments of such surpassing beauty as to defy the competition of the assembled world.

That he should have failed in a subsequent attempt to construct an instrument of another kind which he had never seen, without the slightest knowledge of its intricate mechanism, can excite neither surprise nor disappointment. It is true that he attempted to construct an organ, but was reluctantly compelled to abandon the undertaking. But in this case he only realized the truth of the adage,

"Non omnes possumus omnia."

His success in the repair of the instrument to which we have alluded, was attended by an advantage in his adopted village, which, though trivial in itself, undoubtedly influenced his future fortunes. A gentleman who had retired from business in Boston, settled with his family in New Ipswich, and carried with him into his retirement another instrument, which was the wonder of all the country around. It was natural for the family to preserve some few of the distinctions in society which were observed in the metropolis; and although civil to all, they seemed to be disposed to no indiscriminate intercourse. To this family our young friend, with his respected teacher, was always a welcome visiter. His unassuming manners were admired, his intelligence was particularly observed, and his musical knowledge always rendered them the debtors for his visits. But their acquaintance with metropolitan manners, customs, and advantages, gave them, on the other hand, an ease which he could not but admire, and we cannot help thinking implanted in his heart a yearning for the metropolis, as a wider sphere of action. On this point, however, we confess that our statement is founded mostly on conjecture; but

the conjecture is not wholly destitute of foundation.

We have now to accompany him to the scene of his future usefulness. At the age of twenty he came to Boston, not then a city, which he entered on the 15th of February, 1818, a day somewhat remarkable in his history as the anniversary of some of his most important arrangements in business, and one of which he often spoke to his most intimate friends as a sort of climacteric in his fortunes. On the very day of his arrival he succeeded in finding employment with a cabinet-maker,* with whom he continued and for whom

* Mr. James Barker, now living in South Boston. Mr. Barker's establishment was in Washington street, a little to the north of Dover street. Mr. C., then fresh from the country, first inquired for work of Mr. James Sharpe, an artist who occupied rooms in the same building with Mr. Barker. Mr. S. told him that he thought Mr. Barker would employ him. It was through this sort of introduction that he worked a whole year for Mr. Barker. It was singularly fortunate that he was thus early, though accidentally, thrown into company with Mr. Sharpe, who besides being an artist of great merit and of gentlemanly address and only an amateur, occupied in our musical circles a position of envied notoriety, second to no one in New England. For a long time he was the leader of the music in Trinity Church in this city, and one of the most prominent of the members of the Handel and Haydn Society. They who have heard Mr. Sharpe's "*renderings*" of the *chef d'œuvres* of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, and other melodies fully as beautiful

he worked faithfully for the period of one year. His character, as described to the writer of these pages by one of his fellow-workmen, was that of "*a first-rate young man.*" But this was not exactly the field congenial to his taste. His inquisitive mind had been exercised in his native town, and his constructive faculties had been gratified by his success in the restoration of the instrument which he had there seen for the first time; and, moreover, there was room for the exercise of more mechanical talent in an establishment where those instruments were manufactured. These establishments, however, were but few, and were regarded with no little suspicion. The foreign productions of Longman, Broderip, Clementi, Broadwood & Co., to say nothing of the French and German instruments, saddled as they were with heavy duties and enormous profits of importers, were the only ones that could find their way to popular favor, especially among those whose means enabled them to consult their taste. An instrument of American manufacture was scarcely examined but to be condemned. Furnaces and

as the voluble chromatics by which they have at the present day been in great measure supplanted, will confess that they have, for once at least, had the ear fully satisfied.

anthracite fires had not then found their way into public or private apartments, and it was not deemed necessary in the construction of the instrument to make provision for the necessary consequences of an altered atmosphere. It is true that the piano-forte of the beginning of the present century, was a vast improvement on the spinnets, the harpsichords and clavichords of the last; but in their construction little regard seems to have been paid to durability. The quality of the tone in particular, although possessed of a much greater degree of sweetness than that of its predecessors, was feeble and ineffective, and these defects denied it admission to the concert-room. Its appropriate sphere was the fireside and the family circle; and although a rare visiter at public exhibitions, it appears to have been introduced not on account of its own merits, but merely to *show off* the skill of the performer. The action of the instrument, it is true, was ingenious, but it wanted force and effect, and the scale was limited and contracted. Besides all this, the number of those whose means allowed the possession of an instrument so expensive, so cumbrous, so difficult in its use, was comparatively small. It was at such a time, and under such discouragements, that the

subject of these pages, at the expiration of the first year of his removal from his native town, and on the memorable 15th of February, the anniversary of his entrance into Boston, went to work with Mr. John Osborne,* one of the very few manufacturers of piano-fortes in this city. He continued with Mr. Osborne for four years. The division of labor which has since been introduced into these establishments, was then almost unknown. This was perhaps an advantage to Mr. C., as he was thereby compelled to study every part of the instrument, and to make himself acquainted with all of its details. His principal duty, however, was the manufacture of the keys, a department which he brought to great perfection.

It was while he was with Mr. Osborne, that he was introduced to the choir of the West Church†

* Mr. Osborne's factory was in Washington street, at the south part of the city, the house lately owned and occupied by Warren White. Mr. Osborne was the first to use the metallic bar, to give strength to the instrument, an improvement now wholly superceded by the metallic frame. Mr. Stewart, with whom Mr. Chickering was subsequently connected, first introduced the detached sounding-board, which was deemed a highly effective invention. Mr. Stewart was a fellow-workman with Mr. C. at Mr. Osborne's.

† Rev. Dr. Lowell's. His fellow-workman was Mr. Joshua Stone, the father of Miss Anna, of whom Boston has reason

by a fellow-workman, who at that time was the chorister. He continued with Mr. Osborne but little more than three years, when a tempting offer having been made by Mr. Stewart to enter into business on his own account with him, he accepted the offer, and we now see him established for himself. It was on the memorable 15th of February that he commenced business with Mr. Stewart, but the connexion did not turn out as advantageously as he anticipated; and although the instruments from their manufactory were received very favorably in the market, and by some were preferred to those of other manufacturers, he found it necessary to dissolve the connexion after it had continued only three years.* He continued the business alone for a time, and his inventive genius was

to be proud. Competent judges from abroad have repeatedly said that had she received a musical education in early life abroad, she would have been unsurpassed by any singer in the world. We believe, however, that she is fully convinced that the influences by which she has been surrounded, and which have made her what she is, independently of her musical talents, have much more than compensated the loss of a finished musical education, bought by exposure to temptations, dangers, difficulties, and trials, inseparable from the profession of an artist of the first class. "'Tis a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may."

* Stewart & Chickering's manufactory was in Tremont street, on the site of the Savings Bank.

continually at work to improve his instruments, until he had acquired a reputation equal to that of any other manufacturer. This was no small praise. The Babcocks and the Appletons† were then at work and were backed by a capitalist, and

† The Babcocks & Appleton worked in Milk street, on the site of the building in which Franklin was born. The elder Babcock died in 1814. Appleton was afterwards associated with William Goodrich in the building of organs, and they acquired a well-deserved reputation throughout the country. In voicing and tuning instruments, William Goodrich has scarcely been surpassed. His reeds, in particular, were smooth and harmonious, and mingled well with the diapasons, without overtopping them and destroying their character. They occupied the building called Parkman's Market in Cambridge street. The younger Babcock subsequently worked for Mr. John Mackay, a gentleman of thorough business talents, but not a mechanic. Mr. Mackay had been an experienced shipmaster, but unfortunately lost his fortune without losing his reputation, and availing himself of property belonging in his family, he went into business in the manufacture of musical instruments. The instruments — and excellent ones they were for the time — were made by Mr. Babcock, and bore the name of *R.* Mackay. Owing to circumstances not necessary here to be detailed, Mr. Babcock left Mr. Mackay's employ and went to New York. But after the erection of the new building in Washington street, recently destroyed by fire, Mr. Babcock having become unfortunate in business, returned to the city, and was employed by Mr. Mackay, who was then in business with Mr. Chickering. He was an excellent workman and a worthy man. He was the first to introduce the iron plate into the piano-forte, but it extended only across one-half of the instrument.

an instrument that bore their name was considered but little if at all inferior to those from abroad.

It was on the same memorable 15th of February, in the year 1830, and twelve years after his entrance into the city, that Mr. Chickering entered into business with Mr. John Mackay, who, although himself not a mechanic, fortunately had the command of that which mechanics frequently most need, namely, extensive capital. A year or two previously, during the commercial difficulties of 1829, Mr. C. himself had been reduced to somewhat straitened circumstances, not on account of any want of industry or attention to business on his part, but on account of the almost universal prostration of business throughout the country. When the great channels are obstructed, the obstruction is felt by all that are dependent for their supply. Commerce is the life-blood of society, and no department of human labor can be isolated from its influence. Some occupations there are which seem to have but little connexion with trade, and on a cursory view we should be apt to conclude that commercial troubles could not reach them. But as the life-blood circulates from the heart to the arteries, and thence to the remotest extremities of the body, through veins and capillary channels

too minute for distinct vision, so also in the body politic, that which circulates through the whole system may be traced from its effects.

> "We track the streamlet by the brighter green
> And livelier growth it gives."

The connexion with Mr. Mackay was productive of happy effects. In the prosecution of the business which he had undertaken when he invested capital in the manufacture of those instruments for which the establishment subsequently acquired a world-wide fame, Mr. Mackay, on parting with Mr. Babcock, exercised a discrimination in the selection of his successor, which pays a high tribute to his judgment. It is not probable that he made the choice without much reading of character, and it was much to the credit of Mr. Chickering that "a thorough business-man and capitalist" should have selected him. It shows the standing of Mr. C. at that time, and the estimation in which he was held by those who are the most critical, and at the same time the most correct judges. No one will rashly risk his means in a dubious enterprise, and much less will he entrust the management of such an enterprise to unskilful hands. This care and precaution will

proceed with more measured tread when it is but the steward of others. Mr. Mackay had previously invested his own property in a somewhat similar enterprise, which met with a disastrous termination. He was now but the agent for the investment of the property of others, which might belong to him in whole or in part at some future day, but was not yet his own. His practiced eye undoubtedly had scanned the merits of all who carried on the business, but it rested on one alone. The partnership was commenced, as we have already stated, on the 15th of February, 1830, and continued until the death of Mr. Mackay in 1841. We are not particularly acquainted with the articles of this connexion, nor is it material for us to inquire, but we may perhaps safely apply the adage, that in the division of the spoil, the lion has always the larger share.

Whatever may have been Mr. C.'s proportion of the profits of the new establishment, the effects of the connexion were immediately visible in the freedom which it gave him to study the capacities of the instrument in the manufacture of which they were employed, and to attempt improvements of a more thorough nature than any which he had hitherto discovered. Many manufacturers would

have been contented with going on from day to day, pursuing the same plans and working on the same models which had already begun to fill their coffers. But this was not the case with our lamented friend. He was not contented to make the best instruments that were made; he desired to make the best that were possible. His conversancy with the instrument had enabled him readily to discover the faults in its construction, and to apply the remedy. His first attention seems to have been devoted to the changes in its construction, rendered necessary by the change of the atmosphere to which it was to be subjected. Anthracite coal was then in full blast. It had been admitted into the best houses, and rendered more injurious by its use in the furnace; without which a modern house had ceased to be considered comfortable. It was observed that all the foreign instruments soon became the victims of a desiccated atmosphere, and after the lapse of very short periods fell into disuse. It was necessary, therefore, that the frame-work of the instrument should be constructed with a view to the climate and its effects, and be much more substantial than those from abroad. The materials, also, should be properly prepared before they were used, and capital

was employed in procuring them in large quantities, and storing them in proper places until their *seasoning* was fully completed. It was not long before the public saw the advantages of this wise forecast, and the establishment profited by it. It was noticed by judges and amateurs that the instruments from this establishment *stood*, unaffected in any atmosphere by which they might be surrounded. They were not continually falling into disuse from imperfection, and they preserved their tune and the quality of their tone beyond a precedent. This was the great secret of the first impetus given to the new establishment, and was one of the great pillars of their success.

But this was not all. Having now leisure for the study of improvements, Mr. C. began to address himself to a department which is always approached with caution. The quality of a string is in the compound ratio of its length, its diameter, and degree of tension; and here was a field for the full exercise of his mind and his experimental industry. The wires of the instrument had been comparatively small, and the scale on which they were extended was, to say the least, contracted. The proper tone to be exacted from a string of a given length, diameter, and degree of tension, had not

been authoritatively given by any author, nor had it been supplied by tradition. It was to be learnt by experiment alone. Of this our friend was aware, and he addressed himself studiously to the work. Two things were to be avoided. The scale must not be so large as to make the instrument too cumbrous, and *the touch* must be easy. Errors in either of these particulars would be fatal to success. With regard to the scale thus much may be said, that he considered it a work never perfected, and notwithstanding the success which has crowned his labors, he was still engaged in making additional improvements to the last hour of his life. The beauty and accuracy of the drawing of this last work on which he was engaged — a new scale for a new instrument — we confess brought a blush into our cheeks; compelled, as we were, to contrast the six or seven weeks yearly instruction for seven years enjoyed by the draftsman, with the entire years of school and college life of the spectator. We rejoiced, however, to see that the unfinished scale has been completed by his successor, and that at least so much of the mantle of the father has descended upon the son.

What the labors of Mr. Chickering have effected, and what has been the result of the patient indus-

try and untiring zeal with which he addressed himself to the great work, we shall state in the words of one whose standing in the musical world is undisputed, and who may speak, as it were, "*ex cathedra*." But we must previously mention one great improvement which he introduced, the simplicity of which has made it a matter of surprise that it was not thought of in the very infancy of the instrument. We have already alluded to the introduction of the iron plate, as the invention of the younger Babcock. It was reserved for Mr. Chickering to perfect this improvement, by extending it through the whole length of the instrument.* It was feared, if the

* We have taken much pains to ascertain the facts in relation to these improvements, and to render strict justice to all. Our own impressions are in accordance with what is stated above, and we have not been an inattentive observer of the improvements which have been introduced into the instrument for the last thirty years. Moreover, our statement is corroborated by the express declaration of a number of the very intelligent workmen who have been aids to Mr. C. ever since he has been in business. But we have found two who assert that Mr. Babcock *did* carry the iron frame through the whole length of the instrument. We find, also, this invention claimed, by pretty good authority, for John Isaac Hawkins, an Englishman, who constructed an upright instrument with a detached sounding-board in an iron frame, and the whole so arranged as to be able to meet the atmosphere with compensating powers. "In the bass, it had

strings were extended wholly across an iron frame, that their tune would be wiry, if not dull, and the reverberating echoes of the sounding-board wholly destroyed. Mr. Babcock's invention, at first, certainly, extended but half across the instrument, and while it was a decided improvement, as it in great measure counteracted or at least greatly diminished the effect of climate, it corrected the evil but in part. The tuning-pins, which were small and frequently became loose, were very considerably enlarged, and of course could sustain a much greater strain, and the tune was rendered doubly permanent. Still, as the stationary pins or hooks were still in wood, the strings must necessarily have been affected by the dilatations and contractions caused by the weather, by which all kinds of wood are more or less altered. Iron and other metals, as is well known, although not indifferent to the effects of heat and cold, are

spiral or heliacal springs by which length was gained; and in the treble, three octaves of equal tension were accomplished by a uniform size of wire. It was patented, but did not take with the public sufficiently to come into notice." Whatever may be the claims of others to the originality of the *entire* frame of iron, it will not be denied that it received many very valuable improvements from the hands of Mr. C., and that it owes much to him that it is not obnoxious to the objections that were at first urged against it.

not affected by moisture when properly protected; and Mr. Chickering, availing himself of this idea, contrived that the strain of tension should be met by a material capable of sustaining it.* One end of the strings extended across a bridge of metal, and the piano-forte in fact resembled a harp in a frame of solid iron. The changes of the weather could now affect the frame but so slightly as scarcely to be perceptible. With this increase of strength in the frame, the instrument now admitted an enlargement in the diameter and tension of the strings, and of course an additional power and permanence of tone; and this addition of power in the tone greatly enhanced the value of the instrument in the concert-room, where it is now a constant attendant, affording a relief to the orchestra, and introducing an agreeable variety in the entertainment.

They who have not minutely studied the internal structure of the piano-forte, are wholly unconscious of the beautiful arrangement of mechanism by which, on the depression of a key, a sound is evoked without a repetition, after the recoil of the hammer by which the string is put into vibration.

* The strings of a grand piano-forte pull with a force equal to the weight of more than *six tons!*

Various have been the means by which the desired effect has been secured, and the beautiful arrangement of leverage effected by Erard has met with a high degree of commendation from scientific authority worthy of respect. Lardner, in his philosophical works, has mentioned it with much encomium.* To this department of the manufac-

* Much inventive genius has been spent on this department of the piano-forte, and it would require a volume to describe the different means which have been employed to accomplish the same end. The action of the clavichord was simply a piece of brass pin-wire, which was placed vertically at a point where it could be struck or pressed against its proper string, the right-hand division of which was free to vibrate, while the left hand was muffled by a strip of cloth, the object of which was to damp or stop the string, which it did the instant the finger was taken off from the key. The ancient spinnet was struck by pieces of quill in a manner somewhat similar. The action of the piano-forte on its first introduction consisted simply of a key, a lifter, a hammer, and a damper. The key was the same as that of the clavichord. The lifter was a brass wire, with a piece of thick leather as a head, which was covered with a piece of soft leather as a finish. This lifter, when in motion, struck the hammer against the string, and thus produced the tone of the instrument. The damper followed the performer, and stopped the vibrations as quickly as the finger was removed from the key. The tone of the instrument was thin and wiry, the hammer having only one slight covering of sheepskin upon it. Longman and Broderip were the first to improve upon this simple arrangement, by the introduction of what was called the hopper and the under-hammer. The improvement of Broderip was followed by Clementi & Co.,

tory, Mr. Chickering devoted much time and study. We will not follow him in its details, as it can be

with an additional improvement on the damper, called the Irish patent, from the inventor, Southwell, who was an Irishman. This invention, which was recommended solely by its simplicity, was shortly afterwards superseded by the *crank* damper, which was so generally and instantaneously followed, that the inventor was lost sight of in the crowd who immediately adopted it. The *check* was an improvement borrowed from the grand piano-forte. We have not room to notice the subsequent improvements of Messrs. Broadwood, Collard & Collards, Wornum, Zeiter, and the two Erards (uncle and nephew, Sebastian the uncle being the principal inventor,) nor would it be of much avail to introduce them without the addition of complicated diagrams to illustrate them. They who are inquisitive upon such subjects, will find in other sources detailed accounts of them all, including the double or piccolo action of Mr. Wornum, the heliacal springs of Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Riley's transposing instrument, Mr. Motte's sostinente, Mr. Kirkman's octave string, and Mr. Trotter's alternated keyboard. Each of these have had their day and their admirers, but few of them have maintained a permanent celebrity. Mr. Motte's *sostinente* was the application of a cylinder and silk loops to an upright piano-forte. The loops were attached to the strings, and the cylinder, which was moved by the foot, as it were *bowed* them, and the tones produced were somewhat like those of the seraphine. Under Mr. Motte's own hand the instrument was pleasing, but few others succeeded in producing the desired effect. Mr. Kirkman's octave string was applied as the third string to a grand piano-forte, producing an effect like the two diapasons and the principal of the organ, but much less powerful. It pleased for a time, but it is now wholly out of date. Mr. Trotter's aim was high, for it embraced a new system of notation, which should do away

interesting to those only who are engaged in the manufacture; but it will be sufficient to state that he has contributed much to the beauty and simplicity of this department in the manufactory. We shall close our notice of his improvements of the piano-forte with the quotation to which we have already alluded. The article which we quote is from the New York Musical Review, and is from the pen of Lowell Mason, Esq., a gentleman too well known in the musical world to need any endorsement from us.

"It may be safely said, without in the least degree undervaluing the important labors of others, that no man has done more towards perfecting the instrument which has now become indispensable in almost every dwelling, than he whose deeply-lamented and sudden death has recently been announced. *The piano-forte has grown up and come to maturity, in this country, under the care and direction of Mr. Jonas Chickering, late of Boston.* The very great change which he has made in the capacity of the instrument, cannot be realized by any but those who have

with double-sharps and double-flats and all their accidentals. It is to be regretted that he did not live to perform his promise. (*See Encyclop.*)

actually on hand one manufactured a quarter of a century ago, and who have thus the means of an actual comparison of the old with the new. The improvements in travelling by rail and by steam are hardly greater than has been the growth and development of the instrument under the *administration* — as we believe the piano-forte manufacturers will permit it to be called — of Mr. Chickering."

The connexion of Mr. Chickering with Mr. Mackay was terminated by the death of Mr. Mackay in 1841. He had sailed to South America in quest of the beautiful woods which grow there in such luxuriant abundance, for the purpose of adding to the beauty and durability of their instruments. The market here had been drained, and the enterprising establishment eagerly availed themselves of every opportunity presented of collecting the choicest materials for future use. Lured by the expectation of finding in the countries where they are indigenous, a greater variety and perhaps a choicer collection of those beautiful materials of which our own market afforded but a scanty supply, he sailed in the Luna, for Rio Janeiro, in February, 1841, and has never since been heard from. The presumption is, that the

vessel foundered at sea. The loss of Mr. Mackay was undoubtedly great to Mr. Chickering as a friend, but the establishment, now under the sole charge of Mr. Chickering, was so well conducted, and all its affairs so well managed, that the public were scarcely sensible of any change. Indeed, from the commencement of their connexion in business, the material part of the control of the establishment was entrusted to Mr. Chickering; while Mr. Mackay, with a proper degree of judgment, confined himself to the management of its financial concerns, the purchase of materials, and finding a market for the beautiful products of the manufactory.

It will be recollected that Mr. Chickering entered into this establishment with little more of capital than a fair character and a skilful hand. Ten years was but a short period for building up a capital based on anything less than the lion's share of the profits of the concern. On the settlement of Mr. Mackay's interest in the concern, amounting to a sum counted in hundreds of thousands of dollars, Mr. Chickering was the purchaser of the whole estate; and the administrator, at the request of Mr. C., made the notes payable on "*or before*" a certain day. The papers having been

mutually exchanged, the agent of Mr. Mackay, one of the most shrewd, as well as distinguished and upright lawyers of our city, playfully asked, "Do you ever expect to be able to pay these notes, Mr. Chickering?" His answer was characteristic. "If I had not," said Mr. C., "I should not have given them." The notes were in large sums, but many months before they became due they were respectively paid, until the agent, more than satisfied with the promptness with which they were met, begged him no more to anticipate the payments, as he could find no better investment. At the time of the destructive fire which destroyed the large and elegant building on Washington street, about a year ago, there remained but twenty-five thousand dollars of the whole sum unpaid. Mr. C. had, however, offered to pay it some months before the fire, but was requested to retain it, as an investment. We have it from good authority that it has now all been paid, and that no part of his property is under mortgage. We mention these things thus particularly because that since his death sage doubts have been openly expressed with regard to the solvency of his estate; and such doubts would operate very prejudicially on his worthy successors, as well as throw some little stigma on his memory.

In this connexion we may allude to some of his financial transactions, as illustrating the character of the man and his own conscious integrity. No man, whatever may be his means, can at all times readily command the sums which he needs in ready money, without some accommodation from the bank. On an occasion of this kind he presented a large number of notes for discount at one of the banks of this city, where he had hitherto transacted his business. The president asked him who was to endorse the notes. He replied, "I shall endorse them myself." "That will never do," said the president. "Very well," said Mr. C., and immediately taking the notes, he carried them to another bank, which immediately, and without question, furnished him with the sum which he wanted.

On another occasion, a bank with which he had long had transactions, and to which he had as usual applied through his clerk for an accommodation, sent for him, and having heard of a purchase he had made for the benefit of one of his family, expressed their willingness to accommodate him, but wanted some security. "I shall give you none," said Mr. C. "I have done my business at this bank for a long time, and if you

do not know me, I shall apply where I am better known." He afterwards went to another bank *on the street*, which gave him the required accommodation, and to which he transferred his business. A short time afterwards, a director of the bank which had refused him, and a personal friend, called upon him to endeavor to induce him to restore his business to the bank; at the same time offering him in future any accommodation he might want. But Mr. C. was inflexible, and could not be induced to return to an institution willing to suspect him, although his friend the director spent with him the greater part of the forenoon in representing the loss that the bank would sustain by his forsaking it. The business of Mr. C. was at that time worth nearly ten thousand dollars a year to the bank.

The new building of Messrs. Chickering & Mackay, in Washington street, and which was destroyed by fire about a year ago, was erected by them in the early part of their connexion, and was admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was intended. Besides the spacious workshops and storerooms it contained, and where over a hundred hands were daily employed, there were spacious warerooms filled with instruments of the

most magnificent tone and finish, which daily attracted most of the foreign artists who visited our city, as well as the professors and amateurs who live among us. For many years these rooms were a sort of *musical* "*'Change*," and scarcely an event occurred in our little musical world which did not originate, or was not matured there. Here Mr. Chickering's mechanical genius was fully exhibited in his works, and here, too, they who came to see the works became acquainted with the man. The facilities which he afforded for rehearsals and musical exhibitions, brought him in contact with vast numbers of persons of all grades of merit, who, in whatever other matters of musical taste and judgment they might differ, all agreed in the respectful estimation in which they held *him*. The splendid corridors were freely thrown open for the displays of musical talent, and filled, too, by an appreciating audience of Mr. C.'s own selection. A short period before the destruction of the building, he increased these accommodations by converting a very large available space on the second floor into a commodious hall, richly carpeted, and in every way furnished in a style in which neatness and elegance were most happily blended. Here were constantly open

instruments of most exquisite finish and of the highest cost, free to every hand that knew how to address itself to the keys, and here many an artist would resort unbidden to revel in the sweet sounds which were obedient to his touch. The fame of Mr. C., and his known liberality, quieted the fear of being an intruder, and facilities for practice were afforded to many who elsewhere had little opportunity of striving for that proficiency which they might here acquire. Many an artist has enjoyed this privilege, unquestioned, and many an amateur has spent hours in this quiet retreat, delighted

"E'en at the sounds himself had made."

Meanwhile the proprietor himself was not wholly inattentive. He had an ear quick to discern the hand of a master; and oft has he been lured from the retirement of his little work-bench, with its exquisite appointments, to listen to the delicious strains which the strings, obedient to the master's hand, would send forth. His quiet step carried him to the side of the unconscious performer, who on waking from his musical reverie supposed that he had for an auditor one of the unpretending auxiliaries of the establishment. Many an ac-

quaintance thus made, preceded perhaps only by some quiet remark on the difficulty of the performance, or the taste and skill of the execution, and which at the time only excited a little wonder at the discrimination of the temporary critic, has been ripened into a lasting friendship, mutually enjoyed by kindred souls.

We have now followed the professional career of Mr. C. from his first attempt to repair a comparatively worthless instrument at New Ipswich, until we see him at the head of one of the largest and best-regulated establishments of the age. We have seen him when he first commenced business for himself, turning out but about fifteen instruments in a year,* and those of but modest pretensions, contented with the approbation of a few friends and the patronage of the comparatively humble, until at last we find him directing the energies of a gigantic establishment, with ramifications scores of miles apart, sending abroad, not only through the length and breadth of his own country, but to remote countries of the world, his

* In the later years of Mr. Chickering's business, he finished between fifteen and sixteen hundred instruments every year, and at least one grand piano, worth about a thousand dollars, every week.

unrivalled instruments, bearing away the prizes from the assembled world of competitors, and pouring wealth into his coffers and distinction on the man. And here let us pause one moment to see what has been the influence of prosperity and reputation on this man. Let us enter his factory and see him there; but first let imagination be indulged in its fondness for delineation. Shall we pass through doors and passages to dusty counting-houses, and over heaps of crude or half-finished materials, and be ushered at last into the big and burly presence, with a curl on the lip, a frown on the brow, a distant loftiness and frigidity of manner, a pomposity of expression, and a studied affectation of importance. First let us inquire the way of that modest-looking individual in that side-apartment, neat but unpretending, and busily engaged at his work-bench. His dress is of plain black, and with respect to its cut and fashion he appears to be of that class who follow the injunction of the poet,

> "Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

He wears a white apron, and before him is a small lighted lamp, in a case, and he is busily

engaged in attaching sections of doeskin to small, lever-shaped pieces of wood. The only ornament which he wears is a single breast-pin, modestly but richly set with a gem whose size and water betoken considerable value. We inquire for Mr. C. A mild and gentle voice informs you that he is before you. It is indeed Mr. Chickering himself in one of his happiest moods. Commanding the hands of hundreds, his own are never idle; and except when called elsewhere by business, here you will find him busied in the same employment, or perhaps occupied over a snow-white extent of surface, spread with exquisite neatness on a frame prepared for the purpose, and drafting a new scale. The beauty of the drawing, the accuracy of its proportions, and the thorough finish with which each part proceeds, recall the labors of the architect or the engineer, and you naturally suppose that geometry, with its sister art of delineation, had lent her aid in early life to guide the hand which has plotted the work. You cannot dream that the early advantages of the draftsman consisted solely in the six or seven weeks yearly instruction of a village school. You enter into conversation with him, but not a word escapes from his lips which betrays a consciousness of merit or of importance.

Perhaps you may allude to some particular improvement made in the instruments. He will perhaps explain its importance, but not one word will you hear of its originator. You may perhaps refer to some benefaction conferred, or some relief bestowed. You may perhaps hear in reply some reason for the act, but not who did it. You allude to a case of suffering or of want. The necessary aid is soon afterwards supplied, but no one knows by whom. Perhaps a needy artist exhibits his skill in hopes of a remunerating harvest, but fearing expenses he cannot meet. Some one has patronized the exhibition and paid the expenses of the hall, while he supposes his harvest proceeds from the discernment of the public. Another purchases an instrument for which he expects to pay by instalments. Pay-day approaches and his means have failed. The delinquent approaches his creditor with throbbing heart to crave indulgence; but he finds no hard creditor to meet, with threats of cost and difficulties. "If you cannot pay me now, pay when you can, or if you do not pay at all, I shall never trouble you." Such is the reply which quiets his fears and gives ease to many an honest heart. Such was Jonas Chickering, in his gigantic establishment, and such were the principles on which his prosperity was built.

But this was not all. The many hands and heads which he employed had equal reason to rise up and call him blessed. He was unwilling to avail himself of their talents without a more than adequate compensation. In times of difficulty, when the means of living required a greater outlay, he did not wait to be told of the fact. He had anticipated their wants, and raised the compensation which they received. This was the more grateful that it was not the result of solicitation.*

There was one aspect in which we have to view his character, in which our lamented friend appears to much advantage. There have sprung up around and about him many establishments from which have emanated many productions of excellent character and finish — instruments creditable to any manufactory. Such rival establishments often engender bitterness, rancor, and other evil passions, and not unfrequently the proprietor

* We have this fact from the lips of his employees themselves. The gentleman who has the charge of the large establishment at the south part of the city — a very worthy man, who has long enjoyed the confidence of Mr. C. — told us himself that his salary had been raised at three different times, and that, too, without even a suggestion on his own part.

of one will be found in the attempt to enhance the value of his own productions by depreciating or misrepresenting those of his rival. From such invidious feelings Mr. Chickering was totally exempt. He knew in what respects his own instruments excelled, but he never descended to the abuse of others; on the contrary, he carefully abstained from invidious comparisons, and spoke with candor and sincerity of the merits of others. Purchasers never heard him boasting of his superiority even in those respects in which his superiority had long been acknowledged. He preferred to lose a customer rather than vainly to extol his own works. This is no small merit, especially where there are so many rival establishments; but it is due to many gentlemen in this city now carrying on the same business, to state that there are others among us who are actuated by the same high-minded principle, and that as a class they stand highly in the estimation of the public.

In this connexion we are called upon to mention a circumstance over which we would gladly throw the veil of oblivion, did we not feel the necessity of some notice of it as a part of his personal history. At a time when his reputation had been spread widely abroad, a piano-forte manufacturer

in this city, for reasons which it is not necessary to attempt to explain, applied to the Legislature of the State for a change of name, with the privilege to take the name of "*Chickering*." The application was granted, and the name was sent forth to the world on the instruments of his manufacture. The object could not be mistaken, and our friend had the mortification to see that instruments from a different manufacturer were mistaken for his own. He did not, however, institute a querulous litigation about the matter, nor enter into any contests of words in the public prints. He pursued a wiser course, and quietly represented the facts to the same Legislature in an humble petition for redress. The consequence was, that the Legislature retraced its own steps, and compelled the new "*Chickering*" to resume his former name. We make no other comment on this affair than a slight alteration of an expression of the classic poet,

> "En quo *invidia* cives
> Perduxit miseros."

The establishment of Mr. Chickering was, as we have already said, gigantic, but it was not concentrated. He had under his control extensive buildings in Lowell, in Lawrence, and in Lancas-

ter, besides a very capacious factory at the south part of the city, covering a very large amount of land. But his own head-quarters, where he himself was always to be found during the regular hours of the manufactory, and to which we have already alluded, was on Washington street, between Essex and Bedford. It was of brick, and six stories in height. The basement on Washington street was occupied by stores, two on each side of the entrance to the warerooms. An easy flight of steps led from Washington street up to the warerooms and the counting-room, and from thence through the warerooms to the large workshops above. In the rear of the second floor was a magnificent saloon of very considerable extent, furnished with tasteful elegance, and ordinarily used for the display of the productions of the establishment. It was elegantly carpeted, and the hangings on the walls, richly ornamented with red and gold, were in exquisite keeping with the whole arrangements, filling the eye without fatiguing it by a display of mere gaudiness. Here was the place where private concerts were given by distinguished strangers and amateurs introductory to their public exhibitions; and here, from a hint given by the proprietor, was an audience often

assembled worthy to hear the performances of any exhibitor. Here, too, many artists have made their debuts, and many foreign artists their first exhibition in the western world. A stranger from abroad, whether preceded by a reputation or not, would produce his letters of recommendation, and this spacious and elegant saloon, warmed and lighted, was at his service without cost, and a numerous assembly of the most distinguished musical critics and amateurs of our city soon convened by a word from Mr. C. to witness the display of his skill. One who could pass this ordeal was sure of patronage at a public exhibition.

On the same floor with the saloon, and facing on Washington street, was the counting-room, directly over the stairs. Adjoining was another spacious room neatly appointed, in the centre of which were two elegant grand piano-fortes, on which many of the distinguished pianists, foreign and domestic, were accustomed to practise daily. The walls of the room were plain, but richly and thickly studded with prints and engravings of the most distinguished professors and artists of the day, singly and in groups, many of which bore the autographs of the artists themselves, "with their sincere respects to Mr. Chickering."

Among the losses which he sustained by the destructive fire which consumed this building and its contents, there was none which was more felt than these invaluable memorials. Other things, however costly, might be replaced; but these voluntary offerings of respect, from some of the most distinguished among the "observed of all observers," could not be reinstated. The originals were many of them in their graves or in far-distant lands, and these were the mementoes of their sincere esteem.

By the side of the passage-way leading to the upper floor, was a small and retired apartment, furnished with a small mahogany work-bench, over which was a case of tools of exquisite workmanship and worthy the hand of a master. This was Mr. Chickering's own head-quarters, and here would he be found early and late, and always employed. In a small apartment beyond, and separated only by a thin partition, his sons, one after the other, might be found industriously following in the footsteps of their father. With regard to these sons we must be permitted to say a word, lest a mistaken idea should go abroad with regard to them. It is too often the case that when the father has been successful in business,

his habits of industry, on which that success was built, are seldom followed by the sons. But in the family of Mr. Chickering such was not the case. At the age of sixteen his eldest son commenced a regular apprenticeship at the workbench, under the eye of his father, and followed it through every department of the factory, until he acquired a degree of skill scarcely inferior to that of his father. The second son, a young man of uncommon promise, chose a different vocation, and having followed the seas in early life, accompanied his father in his foreign travels, and on his return, commenced business for himself in the music-store in the basement of the same building. His youngest son followed the example of the elder, and acquired great skill in adjusting the mechanism of the most difficult parts of the instrument, and his works have contributed much to the effective parts. The estimation in which these sons are held by those who may be considered as best acquainted with their ability to conduct an establishment of the kind, may be learnt from the following article, which we have taken from one of the papers of this city: —

"CHICKERING & SONS. We take pleasure in copying the following article from the last number of the New York Musical Review and Choral Advocate, published by Mason Brothers. We give it publicity in justice to the new firm, both on account of its truth, and from the fact that it has been stated by a correspondent of a New York musical journal, 'that a rival manufacturer had secured two important improvements, and is now able to fill the space once occupied by CHICKERING:'

'In our last issue we performed the melancholy duty of announcing the death of Jonas Chickering, one of the most eminent piano-forte makers the *world* has known. The American public felt an especial pride in the mechanical skill and genius of Mr. Chickering; and fears have been expressed in various quarters lest zeal in the improvement of the piano-forte should slacken, now that the master-spirit has gone hence. But we can assure the public that Mr. Chickering's mantle has fallen on shoulders worthy to bear it. His three sons, Thomas E., C. F., and George, were carefully trained in their father's handicraft; and to them he had imparted those secret points of excellence in the manufacture of piano-fortes, for which he was himself so justly famed. There is a combination of talent in these three sons, now brought into active operation, such as was never before exhibited in the establishment; and they have determined to prosecute the business with enlarged means, increased facilities, and renewed energy — to maintain, and, if possible, to surpass, their father's old renown. The firm will bear the name at the head of this article.

'Thomas E. Chickering (the eldest son) served a regular apprenticeship of four years at the bench, under his father's own eye. He is a very superior draughtsman, and has

drawn all the principal scales for some years past. He will continue his supervision of this important department. C. F. Chickering takes charge of the warerooms and the general business of the establishment. George Chickering has for several years made the hammers of the grand pianos, the most critical and difficult point in the manufacture of an instrument. He will continue in this department. Mr. George H. Child, who has for a long time been the book-keeper and financier of the establishment, will continue in that position. Mr. Child is extensively known as one of the most reliable and able men in his department in the country.

'A day or two after Mr. Chickering's death, the workmen of the establishment (many of whom are persons of property and influence) held a meeting unknown to the sons, passed a series of resolutions requesting them to go on with the business, and voluntarily pledged themselves, *as workmen*, to do all they could to render it more successful than ever; saying that they would not only do the work as well as before, but would strive in every way to improve upon their past achievements. This incident will serve to show with what spirit the business will hereafter be conducted.'"

The elegant building which we have just described, containing large numbers of the most costly instruments, completed and in parts, with a large collection of choice materials in various stages of advancement, was totally destroyed by fire on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 1st, 1852. At the time of the fire, Mr. C. was absent in New

York, and it may naturally be imagined that the knowledge of the disaster would overwhelm him. He looked, indeed, with a sober face upon the ruins, but the loss of life, by which the disaster was attended, gave him more concern than the immense loss of property which he had sustained. One would naturally suppose that such a calamity would have dashed the spirits and cramped the energies of one, the labors of whose industry were thus suddenly swept away. But his first care was for others. The noble set of men in his employ, many of whom had sustained great losses by the fire, in tools, in clothing, and some also in large sums of money, were all immediately notified that their salaries would be continued and employment furnished them; and it was not long before the hundreds of hands whom the fire had driven from the work-bench, were again at work as if nothing had happened. A new building just completed, on the opposite side of the street, was immediately procured, and it was not long before all the building resounded with the hum of industry.

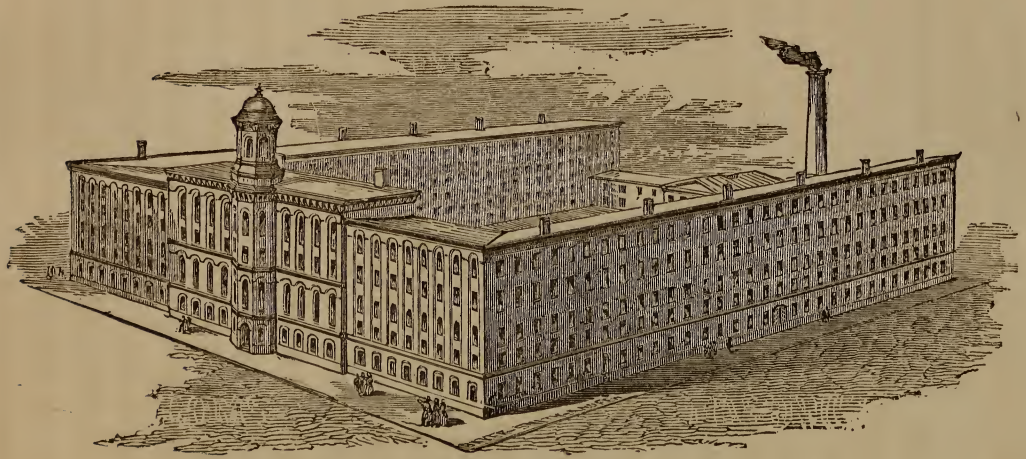
The losses which he sustained by the interruption of his business, were nearly, if not quite, as great as those occasioned by the devouring element. His plans, his patterns, his scales all went "in one

fell swoop," and his first business was to replace them. At a time when life was just beginning to decline, and he might reasonably expect that the long labors of calculation and design were completed, these labors were to be renewed and the work done over again. His new scene of labors looked directly down upon the ruins of that which had been the fruit of his former industry; and he beheld them with the eye of a Christian philosopher. The same mild and pleasant voice, the same quiet spirit, presided over the new establishment, and the same flow of liberal charities gushed out in an undiminished stream. It seemed as if the calamity, which would probably have dulled if not destroyed the energies of most men, had infused new life into his; and instead of sitting down in moody state over his calamities, he roused his energies and prepared to exert them on a more extensive field of action. One thing seemed to affect him deeply and to tears, but they were rather the tears of joy. The sympathy felt by the public in general, as well as by his immediate friends, affected him to the quick. It was not an indifferent or formal expression, but a universal outbreak, visible in deeds as well as words. One of the first salutations which he received after he had learnt

the extent of his loss, was from a broker in State street, offering the use of any sum his occasions might require. Even his family physician urged upon him the use of a considerable sum which he happened then to have in bank, and from all quarters offers of credit or accommodation were made with a liberality which would have sought no other object. It was universally acknowledged that there was not another individual in the community whose losses would be regarded with so universal a feeling of regret. Such, indeed, was the feeling, that had he been stripped of everything but his character and his hands, his credit and his fame would in a very short time have reinstated him.

It was not long after the destruction of his manufactory in Washington street, that he commenced his plans for that gigantic structure now nearly completed near Chester Square, at the south part of the city. This structure, besides being highly ornamental to the city, was designed and is well calculated for the employment of a large and effective mechanical force, and we are gratified to learn that the designs of Mr. Chickering will be fully carried out by his enterprising sons.

We have obtained an electrotype copy of an engraving of this building, with some account of



CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTORY.

TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

the plan and the intended arrangements. It is calculated that it will afford ample accommodation for the constant occupation of at least four hundred workmen; and the internal arrangements are so disposed as to allow no retrograde movement. The raw materials will enter at one door, and passing successively through every department, will pass out of another door at the other extremity of the building, in a state of perfect completion. The building itself, as will be seen by the engraving, is in the form of a hollow square. Its length in front is two hundred and forty-two feet, and the wings two hundred and sixty-two feet on the north, and two hundred and fifty on the south, the whole covering a space of between sixty and seventy thousand feet of ground. The machinery will be moved by a steam-engine of a hundred and twenty horse-power.* The building is five stories in height, and the rooms in each story, from the lowest to the highest, are each eleven feet from

* The term "*horse-power*," as applied to a steam-engine, is a term designed to represent a force which can raise a weight of thirty-three thousand pounds (or sixteen tons and a half) to the height of one foot in a minute. Hence an engine of a hundred and twenty horse-power represents a force capable of raising one thousand nine hundred and eighty tons to the height of one foot in a minute.

the floor to the ceiling. The top of the building is flat, sheathed with metal, and painted. Everything required for the completion of the instruments, even to the castors, is to be manufactured in this building, with the exception only of the large castings. The wood will here be cut from the logs, the veneers sawed, and all so perfected that we may almost say that forests will enter at one door, and come out finished piano-fortes at the other.

Such was the gigantic undertaking proposed by our lamented friend, which he lived only to see commenced and in a state of satisfactory progress. "Man proposes, but God disposes." The plans of the father have been carried out by his enterprising sons, and the building is now steadily advancing to completion. To arrange all of the details of such an enormous establishment, and to set its complicated machinery into a regular, clock-like movement, will require time; but many months will not elapse before it will be alive with

> "the hum
> Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
> Files whizzing * * * echoed * *
> On the fast-travelling breeze."

To supply the place of the warerooms which were destroyed by fire, Mr. C. obtained, on a long

lease, the building known as the Masonic Temple, directly opposite the Mall, between Winter and West streets, and having a side-entrance on Temple Place. This building, long known on account of its admirable lecture-room and other apartments used for offices and private schools, and still more for the peculiarity of its architecture, standing out in ignominious contrast with the graceful symmetry of the Ionic front of its nearest neighbor, St. Paul's Church, he converted into a magnificent musical temple. We speak of course of the interior. The exterior was almost past redemption, and if traced to its prototype, if such can be found, will probably lead one to no other than the *Dis*-order of architecture. The building is of granite, and it must be confessed that its structure gives evidence of strength and durability. The façade, with its port-hole windows,

"If shape that may be called, which shape has none,"

is strongly suggestive of the baronial retreats in the time of Stephen of England, or perhaps of the "donjon keeps" of later days. But there was room in the interior for the display of considerable taste, and the situation was perhaps the very best and most convenient in the city. For the institu-

tion by which it was erected we entertain profound respect, but that respect has not blinded our eyes. Its present appearance, under the alterations effected by Mr. C., and more especially since it has become suggestive of mechanical skill and industry, is greatly improved. Regardless of expense in the remodelling of the interior of this building, and with a determination to make it surpass in beauty and convenience the splendid apartments which the fire had devoured, he gave full vent to his taste in the supply of his wants, and has produced a result highly creditable to his ideas of architectural propriety. The front on Tremont street opens on a neat and spacious stairway leading directly to the main hall, on which no expense has been spared, nor lavishly wasted. It is carpeted with Brussels of a green ground, and the drapery of the windows richly corresponds. The hangings of gold and satin paper, relieved by panels and pilasters, are in exquisite keeping, and interspersed with mythological emblems of great beauty, while gothic arches of flowers bestriding the pilasters, give an exquisite finish to the design. Two large ante-rooms, one on each side of the stairway, flanked by the counting-room and richly furnished, occupy the remainder of the second

floor. The basement of the building, to which a side-entrance on Temple Place opens, is appropriated to the repair of instruments. A small but neat apartment above the counting-room, simply furnished with the necessary implements of his profession, with a small oval window overlooking the whole establishment, was the head-quarters of Mr. Chickering himself; and here he drew his scales and prepared his models and directions for every department of his manufactories; and it was here, too, it may emphatically be said, was Mr. Chickering himself to be seen. Elsewhere met, his native diffidence was triumphant, and eclipsed the man; but here it could be seen that he was the presiding genius — *the head* by which everything was directed. It was here that we were privileged to see the last work on which he was employed — the scale to which we have already alluded — and here, too, we have also been allowed to see that scale completed by his son and successor, and can bear witness from ocular demonstration that the skill of the son is in no respect inferior to that of the father.

In the sketch which we have now given of Mr. C.'s professional progress, we have as yet made no allusion to his European tour, undertaken as it

was solely with a view to relaxation after long years of professional toil. The World's Exhibition had many allurements, and besides, he was interested in that exhibition on account of the specimens from his own manufactory which he had sent thither. Of this tour he has left few memorials except the bare record of the time when he left one place and reached another. But one incident, which must have gratified him exceedingly, occurred at the exhibition in London. While he happened to be standing with his son near the instruments from his own manufactory, several of the continental artists of great celebrity passed by him, and after cursorily viewing the tasteful richness of the cases, seated themselves successively at the keys. He had the satisfaction of seeing them touched by the hands of these masters, and to hear the unmeasured terms with which the instruments were commended. The artists themselves were totally ignorant that the maker was near them, and for that reason their commendations were so much the more to be prized. A more substantial, although a less impartial testimonial of their merits, was received on the distribution of the prizes; for his instruments were not neglected in the award, and but for some

alleged informality in their "*being entered*," for which he himself was not obnoxious to blame, it was the general opinion that he would have borne off one of the first prizes. A medal, however, could not be denied him.

We have thus far alluded only to Mr. Chickering's professional career. The collateral relations which he sustained were not less creditable and honorable. His musical knowledge, taste, and discrimination were acknowledged by that association which for a quarter of a century has confessedly stood at the head of all musical associations in the Western world. We mean the Handel and Haydn Society, over which he presided for some seven or eight years. While he was at their head the association enjoyed a degree of prosperity and exerted an influence unknown before, and the jarring elements which unfortunately will always mingle where harmony alone ought to prevail, were reconciled. So great a degree of confidence was felt under his directions, that the desired and appropriate harmony always did prevail. The financial concerns flourished, and the association received such an impetus that its future permanence and prosperity were secured. Under his administration, also, the best talents and the best

services were secured, and the public ear was gratified by a variety in the public exhibitions as gratifying as it was new. It seemed as if new life and new energy had been infused into every part, and the prodigious influence which he wielded in the musical world was all concentrated in the revival of an interest in the association, which, to say the least, was drooping, if not dormant.

The splendid saloons connected with his warerooms, as we have already stated, were the daily resort of all the musical talent which visited our city; and he found means to press into the service of the society, an amount of science, talent, skill, and taste, that could not fail to infuse into the association, and to the public at large, a degree of musical knowledge never possessed before, and thus to raise the standard of musical excellence. And this was also attended by another advantage. It is well known that there are many excellent persons among us whose conscientious scruples have prevented their attendance at concerts and other public performances of secular music, who have been attracted by the sacred concerts and oratorios of the society. This class of persons have thus without offence been gratified by the opportunities afforded to hear performances which

have been preceded by a world-wide fame. They have been permitted to see the lions without going into the den.

The history of music in this vicinity is more closely connected with that of no individual more than with that of our lamented friend. They who can recollect the manner in which sacred music in particular was conducted some thirty or forty years ago, will not fail to recollect the subordinate part assigned to the female voice, and the monotonous waste of vocal sweetness. We have it from good authority that it was while Mr. C. was a member of the choir of the West Church, that the musical director of that choir first attempted the daring innovation of changing the parts and giving to the females the part now universally conceded to them. How far Mr. C. himself was concerned in this step of advancement we are not informed, but we know that his judgment could not but have approved the change.

He joined the Handel and Haydn Society in October, 1818. His native diffidence for some time kept him in the shade, but his name appears among the officers of the society in 1831, and in that year he was placed on three important committees. One of these committees was charged

with the examination of candidates for admission into the society. Another was the one to whom the expediency of purchasing a new organ for the society was submitted. He appears at the head of this latter committee, and we have it from good authority that he was the mainspring of the action which resulted in the purchase of the noble instrument now owned by the society.

Having served his constitutional limit of three years on the board of trustees, he was raised to the vice-presidency of the society. His native generosity was here displayed by an act of entire self-forgetfulness. Mr. George J. Webb had then but recently taken up his residence in our city, and Mr. Chickering, with a just appreciation of the great merits of Mr. Webb in the musical world, was anxious to pave the way to the elevation of Mr. W. to the presidency. As a preliminary measure, he therefore resigned the vice-presidency himself, in order to make room for Mr. W., who was through his influence chosen in his place. In the year 1837, Mr. Webb was chosen president of the society, and Mr. C. was placed in the chair of the vice-president. In the following year, on account of the pressure of business, he was compelled to decline any official position in the soci-

ety, but his interest in it did not flag, and his influence in the musical world enabled him to be greatly beneficial in enlisting into its service talent and skill which could not easily have been approached by any one less known in the highest departments of the profession.

Aware of the power that he wielded, and admiring the generous and unassuming character of the man, many of the prominent members of the society, on the retiring of Mr. Webb, called upon Mr. Chickering with the urgent request that he would allow his name to be placed among the candidates for the presidency of the society. His consent was reluctantly given, and from that time until the year 1850 he was annually elected president, and every time *unanimously*. Musical people are notorious not only for the sweet harmony which they can make with their voices or their instruments, but for the discord which too frequently obtains among themselves. The unanimity with which Mr. C. was chosen every time that his name was used as a candidate, is an honorable testimonial to his character. These facts we obtained from the official organ of the society, Mr. Fairbanks, from whose pen we transcribe the following additional particulars : —

"The services which Mr. Chickering rendered to the Handel and Haydn Society during the seven years that he presided over it, the interest which he exhibited, and the expenses he would allow himself to incur, cannot be fully known nor counted in figures. His rooms were at all times open for the use of the society, for meetings and rehearsals; his instruments were ever ready at its wish, and transported from hall to hall as occasion might require, free of charge, and music of high and sterling character imported at his own expense for its practice, until his generosity became proverbial on the lips of the whole society.

"In all that he felt and in all that he did, he was always the modest, unassuming man; and with all the favors he bestowed, he would never allow himself to be released from the calls and assessments which from time to time it was necessary to impose upon its members.

"Were any sick, needing comforts or the wherewithal to purchase comforts, his purse was open and his hand extended. In two instances the whole funeral expenses of members were defrayed by him, and only known to me in the friendly and confiding manner of our conversations.

"I called upon him once for assistance for the

widow of a deceased member, who needed present aid to enable her to arrange for the support of herself and children 'How much do you require?' The answer was, 'A hundred and fifty dollars.' 'Get what you can from among our members and come to me for the balance.' The balance was large, but it came with so much sympathy and kindness, that the amount seemed increased in the very deed of giving. I know of others who have partially depended on him for support; and these things, added to his general charities, must have relieved his purse of large yearly sums.

"His appreciation of talent and willingness to encourage it, is exemplified in the case of the editor of the Musical Journal.*

"His modest, unassuming, and ingenuous appearance has led some to suppose that he lacked strength of character, and was easily swayed by surrounding circumstances. This I think not true. His quick perception told him wrong from right, and his acts followed accordingly. No sophistry could change his purpose, or induce him to pass over an impropriety against good breeding or good resolves. At heart he was good, and from that spring of life all his actions were prompted, and I trust all his hopes realized.

* See that editor's own acknowledgment, on page 23.

"'Be just and fear not,' the motto of the association of which he was president at his decease, he exemplified in his daily walks with men, in his official position, and in the retirement of his home; and his biography can do great service to those who follow him, could its lessons but reach the many who need the instructions it must contain."

Such is the testimony of one who knew him well, and who, in an official capacity, was often with him.

We have said that the scientific knowledge of Mr. C. was acknowledged by the Handel and Haydn Society in making him their president. His mechanical talents received also an equally honorable testimonial from the Massachusetts Mechanic Association, when they called him to preside over that highly respectable body. As in the one case he was preceded by men whose skill and talents and standing in society were fully acknowledged, in the Webbs, the Withingtons, the Winchesters, and the Masons, that in former years directed the proceedings of the society; so also in the other, he could look at a long line of equally honorable predecessors in the chair of this ancient and honorable association. The Reveres, the Hunnewells, the Cottons, the Russells, and the

host of other distinguished gentlemen who have presided over this time-honored association, were men of character and consideration, whom their fellow-citizens delighted to honor, and it was no small distinction to be called to fill their places. The selection which they made when they called him to the chair was mutually honorable; and it may safely be asserted, to use the words of one of the most honored and most honorable of the sons of our city,* "that he fulfilled the whole idea of a President of a Mechanic Charitable Association."

His fellow-citizens also were not backward in their honorable notices of his worth, and his native diffidence could not conceal the hold that he had on their favorable regard. He was called from the seclusion in which he lived to represent them in the councils of the State, and not unworthily did he represent them. It is true that he made no flourishes of oratorical display, no "speeches for Buncombe," but he carried into the representative halls an honesty of purpose, an inflexibility of principle, a purity of heart, which were proof against the corrupting influences which sometimes

* The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a sentiment sent to the vice-president of the association on the occasion of the late festival of the M. M. C .A.

find their way into high places, and "hang hissing at the nobler man below." He was the very model of the man described by the classic poet, in those familiar verses,

> "Justum ac tenacem propositi virum
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium
> Non vultus instantis tyranni
> Mente quatit solida."*

Wherever we follow our lamented friend we find him the object of respectful regard. The church of his adoption, whose rites and observances were scrupulously observed, was not backward in the acknowledgment of his worth, and eagerly availed themselves of the benefit of his judgment. Here, among gentlemen of almost fastidious conservativeness, he was cordially hailed as a peer, and invited to their most important councils. He was made chairman of an important committee, who were charged with the direction of one of the most solemn and interesting parts of the services of the church; and by his instrumentality that part has been performed in a manner which has challenged the admiration of

* Neither the frowns of a tyrant, nor the clamors of a people deeply sunk in depravity, can affect the man who acts from good and fixed principles.

all who have ever been present at the solemn services. He has secured to the church a degree of talent in this department second to none in the country; and it may truly be said that there the Lord is worshipped "in the beauty of holiness."

But it was not in an official capacity that he was most regarded in the church of his adoption; for, to use the language of the Rt. Rev. Rector, "while his treasures extended the gospel to others, he received that gospel for himself; and, at the banquet of the Lord's Supper, openly confessed that Master, whose sacrifice, believed in with the heart, is the only true and scriptural motive for charity to man."

There were other relations in which our lamented friend was placed in which it would be difficult for us to follow him, as we are unfortunately "*uninitiated.*" The Masonic institution and the brotherhood of Odd Fellows embrace on their rolls the names of large numbers of our friends and fellow-citizens who would lend their influence to no society of questionable usefulness; and we see that the subject of these memoirs stood high among the respectable members of these institutions, and among the foremost in their regard. We must leave his eulogium in

these relations to some other hand with whom he has "*worked*" in secret conclave, or in a more public manner administered to the relief of a needy or erring brother. But this much we can say without fear of contradiction, that every association within his reach which had for its object the relief of suffering humanity, the dissemination of correct habits and principles, the diffusion of useful knowledge, or the elevation of human nature from the sinks of degradation and depravity, was sure of his name, his influence, and what is more, his "*material aid.*"

We have already stated that Mr. C. was but little indebted to his native town or to the town of his adoption for the advantages of an early education. What little of debt that he owed for such advantages as he enjoyed, he nobly paid. In reply to a call from his former townsmen, who were anxious to increase the means of education in that town, he authorized them to draw upon him yearly for the sum of sixty dollars during his life. He subsequently made this benefaction permanent by a donation of a thousand dollars, in lieu of the yearly assessment.

Having now followed the subject of these memoirs through his professional career to a

highly prosperous and successful business, and in those public relations into which he was reluctantly drawn, we propose in conclusion to take a glance behind the curtain, and view him in those private scenes where the heart, the temper, the disposition, in short, the whole character, is laid open, without palliation and without reserve.

A man may make an excellent mechanic, and yet be destitute of those qualities which are necessary to pass current in society. A great lawyer is not always a good man, and a physician may be an excellent adviser when "pain and sickness wring the brow," and yet never sought for as a companion, or desired in the social circle. The relations which a man sustains at home are of that searching character, that little can be left behind in the exhibition of the man. The relations of society do not forbid the buskins, and the outward character may appear smooth and polished, and exhibit none of those asperities which a closer view might bring to light. Society take, in general, but a telescopic view of character, and see but little of that unevenness of which the fairest and roundest surfaces are rarely destitute. He that takes but a distant view of that "bright empress of the sky" that rules the night, sees but the perfect

roundness of her outline and the silver soberness of her light, little suspecting perhaps that the surface is really rough and jagged and uneven, and in all probability less regular and even than that of the earth on which he dwells. The domestic relations, on the contrary, give the microscopic view of the character of the whole man, and perhaps present some of its features in bloated dimensions merely because the field of vision is too contracted to take the whole into one view.

In endeavoring to present to view some of the outlines of the domestic character of Mr. Chickering, we are aware that we are treading upon consecrated ground, but we enter the field boldly because we know that there is nothing to conceal. We touch his domestic relations with the same willingness that we record the long list of his public and private benefactions; and indeed if we would select any particular trait to hold up to general approbation, we should accompany him to his fireside, and see him as a husband and a father, as well as a generous host. In society we admire his noble virtues, but at home we cannot refrain from loving the man. His conjugal relations had never grown old, and indeed it would have been difficult to determine whether his feel-

ings as a husband, or as a father, glowed with the greater brightness and warmth. He was not one of those who carry the cares and the anxieties of business to the domestic hearth, and rail against the coldness and ingratitude of the world. The conversations on business were closed with the doors within which it was carried on, and his successes were matters of delight to him, chiefly because he was thereby enabled to increase the comforts of those loved objects whom he delighted to see enjoying them. No public honors or distinctions had for him one-half of the attractions of his own fireside, nor was there a shade there to cloud the brightness of the domestic affections. Of the happiness of his conjugal relations we have already spoken. Early in life he had been united to the object of his affections, and his affections never wavered. The harmony and devotion which existed between the husband and the wife, presented a scene of domestic happiness refreshing to behold. It was his delight to see her abroad on the missions of charity in which she delighted, and to afford her the means of active benevolence. Nor had he reason to question the judgment with which those means were applied. Her needle as well as her purse was often drafted into the service

of the poor, nor was an application made for relief to which she did not lend a willing ear. It was his chief care to see that his children were brought up in correct and proper habits, and in his family, affection was a more powerful stimulus than the rod. The father's approbation was the mainspring of every action, before age had given maturity to principle, and afterwards, when principle had ripened into action, it was the dearer because both were in unison. He had a careful eye to the possible change of the current of prosperity and the transitions of fortune, and prepared to guard his children from the dangers of a reverse. With this end in view, he was anxious to educate their hands, as well as their heads and their hearts, and to train them to such a course, that should reverses come they would not be dependent on the charities of others, nor at a loss what to do. But this discipline to which his sons were subjected — a discipline at which many a rich man's son would have rebelled — was so tempered with the mildness of affection, that it was enjoyed rather than endured, and met with cheerfulness because it gratified the father. Such was the confidence of the son in the father, such the strength of affection and the desire of mutual happiness, that no gratification was

withheld on the one part that could be enjoyed without danger; and on the other, no labor was too great that was in conformity with the wishes of the father. We speak with more confidence on this subject because we happen to know; and we confess that we have a strong desire to correct any erroneous impressions that may have gone abroad from the representations of those who have seen but the half, and knowing of the indulgences, have winked out of sight the previous labors by which they were *earned.* It is a rare attainment for a rich man to know how to temper indulgence with requisition; but they who know the true character of the sons will confess that in this respect Mr. Chickering was singularly fortunate. It was a subject of much gratification to him in the latter years of his life, when warned by the symptoms of failing nature, that the management of his affairs might be safely committed to the hands of his sons; and that whatever an overruling Providence might have in store for him, he would in all human probability leave behind him those who were able and worthy to wield the concerns of the gigantic establishment which he had reared, or, in case of necessity, to rear it anew. The education of his children from their earliest years had been

the object of his tender solicitude. No pains nor expense was spared to make them what they should be; and he had the envied satisfaction of seeing them, what it had been his most anxious wish to make them, worthy and industrious men, respecting themselves, respected by all who knew them, and worthy to be his successors. His daughter, also — and what father does not look doatingly on his daughter — beautiful and accomplished, the joy of his fireside, the object of his cherished affection — he had lived to see well affianced and ready to be settled for life. His two elder sons had married sisters, the lovely daughters of a gentleman of much consideration in society; and the frequent "*reunions*" of the family, graced as it was by these lovely additions, were the sources of pure and unalloyed delight. The elder of these sisters had for several years been an integral part of the family, and between her and the father had sprung up an affection and regard as strong as the ties of blood. The younger sister, whom but a few short days had seen the blooming bride of the second son, had a history somewhat allied to romance. She had risked her own life for the preservation of her mother and sister when in imminent peril from the wave, and

her endeavors were crowned with the happiest success. It was to her a grateful recollection that by the preservation of the life of her to whom under Providence she owed her being, she had in some measure repaid the debt, and become closer allied by the sense of mutual obligation. These lovely women were never more happy than when they could administer to the comforts of their adopted father, whom they loved with the purest filial affection. A little incident, which we have from good authority, trivial perhaps in itself, but interesting as indicative of the feeling existing, we will here introduce. At a time when the energies of the manufactory were under considerable pressure to fulfil orders, the elder son had taken out of town to his beautiful residence a considerable number of the most delicate parts of the action of the instruments for adjustment. On the following day the lovely wife of the elder son bounded into the presence of Mr. Chickering, and spreading out before him the little works in a state of completion, "Here, father," said she, "here are your hammers." On his expressing surprise at the speedy completion of the work, she explained by saying, "Tom and I sat up all night to complete them." "My dear," said Mr. C., "I am sorry that you did that."

"Then, father," said she, "you should not have said that you wanted them as soon as possible." This little incident speaks volumes. In what manner could the affection of the daughter and the character of the son have been better exemplified.

We have one circumstance to mention, as creditable to the husband, as the incident which we have just related is so to the wife. Not long ago Mr. C. left Boston on a visit to Niagara Falls, leaving the sole management of his establishment in the charge of his eldest son. He was of course particularly anxious that the works should not flag, and that the orders which he had engaged to supply should be met with promptness and fidelity. On his return to the city he had the satisfaction to find that more instruments had been completed during his absence, and while the gigantic establishment was under the temporary management of his son, than during any previous correspondent period when he himself had directed the energies of the manufactory.

Indeed it was a source of great gratification to the father to find that in every department of his establishment this son was a universal favorite, and it gave all the workmen as much pleasure

to follow his directions and to comply with his wishes as to follow his own. Nor was this feeling of attachment and personal regard confined to the eldest. It was seen that each, as opportunity presented, was anxious to follow in the footsteps of the father, and that the three presented a phalanx of talent and energy, of correct and industrious habits, of mechanical genius and business talent, that gave assurance that if the energies of the father were withdrawn, the efficiencies of the establishment would suffer little diminution, and everything connected with it was thus stamped with durability. This tribute to the sons is sincere and well-merited, and given from long personal knowledge.

We have now followed the course of our lamented friend from his early youth to the closing years of his life, from the day of small things to a state of well-earned and deserved prosperity. We have seen that, under Providence, his state of ease, prosperity, and renown was the fruit of his own labors, of his own correct principles, of his own industry, backed by no common genius. We have followed him through his whole life, and seen all the outgoings and incomings of the man, and we have discovered nothing, abso-

lutely nothing, in the whole review, that charity could wish to palliate, the most critical eye could disapprove, or over which the hand of friendship would throw a veil.

In the commencement of this tribute we indulged in a few remarks upon the influence which every human being exerts in the sphere in which he is placed, and stated our belief that not an act could be performed, a word spoken, or even a thought conceived, that is not attended by effects as real and as lasting as the duration of the immortal soul. The poet has partly exemplified our meaning:

——— "The blue mist slowly creeps
Curling on the silver lake.
As the trout in speckled pride
Playful from its bosom springs,
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings."

On life's broad ocean this "verging" of the tide may be imperceptible from the controlling effects of stronger energies, but still they exist, and produce their effects of action and reaction. In the moral world nothing is seen but in its effects on conduct and character, but the same physical law of reaction has its corresponding analogy. In this

view of the subject we must be struck by a consideration of the influence exerted in the world by such a man as Jonas Chickering. We have little reason to exclaim in the words put into the mouth of the ambitious Roman by the immortal bard,

> "The evil men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

No good or bad influences can die. They must produce their effects, and these effects must be the secondary causes of other effects, and so on in endless succession. It is not the high and mighty, in the estimation of the world, from whom the most powerful influences derive their origin. From the retired seclusion of private life we have presented an instance of a man who, in his day and generation, has done more by the example of a whole-souled liberality, an unostentatious flow of discriminating charities, a life of purity, of principle, and of active benevolence, than they who have dethroned monarchs and swayed the destinies of empires.

It remains for us now only to recite the particulars of the end of that man whose whole life seemed but a state of preparation for that change which awaits us all. It was about fifteen years

ago that he was first attacked by a momentary paralysis, which affected first his hands and subsequently the whole of one side. The attack was of short duration, and as he speedily recovered from it, it excited no alarm. Previous to his European tour, he complained to the writer of these memoirs that he felt a sensation in the head for which he could not account. Several years ago he received the second attack, as he was riding out over the Tremont Road with Mrs. C. The reins fell from his hands, and he sank down in the vehicle in a state of insensibility. He was taken home in a carriage belonging to some friends who were fortunately passing, and in a few days was sufficiently restored to resume his usual occupations. The third and most severe attack fell upon him on the evening preceding the marriage of his second son, namely the 28th of November last. The last and fatal attack was at the house of a friend, whither he had gone apparently in his usual state of health, on the evening of the 8th of December. While in conversation, his head suddenly dropped upon his breast and he commenced vomiting. He soon became insensible, in which state he remained until his death, which took place shortly after his removal to his own residence,

namely in about an hour after the attack. He was attended by his family physician, Dr. Lewis, and Dr. George H. Gay, but it was evident that he was beyond all medical skill. The lancet was applied, and all the means employed known to the faculty, with no avail. He died at about 11 o'clock in a state of apparent unconsciousness. Thus terminated a life of industry and usefulness seldom equalled and never surpassed, and the legacy which he left in name and fame to his afflicted family richer far "than all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind."

The news of this sad event spread with rapid wings over the whole city, and the morning papers were filled with expressions of universal regret. It was received in all parts of the city, and indeed wherever it reached, as a public calamity, and as it passed from mouth to mouth, the tears which could not be repressed, and which would not be concealed, bespoke the sincerity of the blessings which were heaped upon his memory.

The notices given in the papers and periodicals of the day of the sad solemnities with which he was attended to his final resting-place at Mount Auburn, were full and worthy of the subject. We shall copy a few of them in an appendix. We

shall close this sad memorial with a short notice of his personal appearance, which we think will not be wholly uninteresting to those who have never seen him. He was about the ordinary stature. His complexion was not particularly marked, although the features of his face had something of the hue of the sunny South. His forehead was fine, and the dark hair by which it was o'ercanopied, was luxuriant and naturally disposed to a graceful curl. Here and there a silvery tint betrayed that the prime of life had passed. His eyes were not large, but full. The nose was inclined to the aquiline, but not in a very prominent degree. His mouth, when closed, betrayed but little emotion, but seemed to indicate a thoughtfulness not expended on the objects of sight. His gait was peculiar, with a slow but not a measured tread. His head naturally protruded a little in advance of his person, as if he were disposed that caution should be his pioneer, but it was carried with a degree of ease that gave no evidence of effort. His beard, naturally disposed to luxuriance, was trimmed with care, and his dress, though scrupulously clean, betrayed no sign of inordinate regard. The bones of the cheek, although not prominent, were clearly de-

fined, and the face itself, although not so round as to indicate fullness of habit, was neither lank nor wanting in a fine expression. His chest was somewhat broad, with a little roundness in the shoulder, and his whole appearance indicated more of the sanguine than of the nervous temperament. His movements were slow, but with no approach to awkwardness. His whole bearing betrayed no pretense. Among his friends and familiar acquaintances he was cheerful and animated, and although he found it difficult to overcome his native diffidence, yet when he was drawn out, he was not without a vein of humor. Among the prominent traits of his character we must not fail to mention his sincerity. Whatever he said he purposed, and whatever he purposed he did, if it was within the bounds of human possibility. He was particularly anxious not to injure the feelings of others; and this very anxiety has been the foundation among some who knew him but little, of the charge of vacillation. He maintained his opinions with firmness, but he was neither stubborn nor reckless of those of others. He was not of the number of those who think that opinions once formed should never be altered. He always kept his mind open to the

strongest reason, and was willing to admit new light when he could thereby modify the views which he had previously taken. He had no relish for innovation unless it brought with it decided improvement, and was contented first to prove all things and then hold fast that which is good. He considered society composed of others besides himself, and preferred in all moral concerns to follow the old and beaten path, rather than with reckless boldness to strike out a new one for himself. In short, he was one of those most useful members of society who looked "not only on his own things but likewise on the things of others;" and with broad and generous views, a heart full of the susceptibilities of human nature, a peaceful, contented, and humble spirit, he has left the world with the blessings of thousands and without an enemy.

APPENDIX.

We select the following notices of the death and funeral of our lamented friend, from the periodicals of the day. Our limits will not allow more copious extracts. We may safely say that no private individual has called forth so universal a burst of public feeling and regret. Politics and local interests seem for the time to have been forgotten in the generous emulation of eulogy, panegyric, and expressions of deep regret, as for a public loss, with which the public prints, without distinction, have been inspired. We present them in the order of their date, omitting such portions as are elsewhere repeated.

From the Boston Herald of Dec. 9th, 1853.

A GOOD MAN FALLEN.

Death has, within the last twenty-four hours, struck down in our community, without a moment's warning, one whose loss will be most deeply and widely deplored by our citizens. Mr. Jonas Chickering, one of the most useful, charitable,

and noble-hearted men that ever lived, died suddenly last evening, about eleven o'clock, at his residence in this city, from a shock of apoplexy. Soon after the attack, Mr. Chickering became insensible, and so remained until his death. Dr. George H. Gay and Dr. Winslow Lewis were called to the bedside of the dying man, but it was evident that human agencies were of no avail. Bleeding was resorted to as the only expedient to give motion to the stagnant blood, but this afforded no relief. Mr. Chickering had suffered from previous similar attacks, the last of which occurred on the 28th of November, the wedding-day of his son, Major Charles Francis Chickering. He had rallied speedily from the immediate effects of these attacks, but they had considerably impaired his strength.

These apoplectic fits were not induced by a full habit of body, but rather from opposite tendencies, as Mr. Chickering was a thin, and not a strong man. The seat of the disease was in this instance in the head rather than the heart, and was doubtless caused by severe mental application, as Mr. Chickering, in addition to the immense weight of business affairs upon his mind, has been much absorbed in the construction of some new improvement in the piano of late, devoting many hours each day to it with intense application in his private cabinet at the Masonic Temple.

The deceased was fifty-seven years of age, and has left behind him four children, three sons and one daughter, the two oldest sons being married.

Mr. Chickering was President of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and has been identified with numberless public charities. A list of his private acts of benevolence, known only to himself and the recipients of his bounties, and the God of the poor and fatherless, would

fill volumes. In his manners he was one of the most quiet and unassuming gentlemen that ever lived, and none will remember his every-day life and conversation with more fondness than his employees, by whom he was universally beloved.

Boston has been deeply indebted to the genius, enterprise, and business energy of Mr. Chickering. The immense business which he has built up here, not only for himself, directly, but for others, has proved honorable and profitable to the whole city as well as to himself. Most of the business of manufacturing pianos by other establishments than his mammoth manufactory, the aggregate of which is very large, has sprung, indirectly, from the results of his efforts, and thousands of persons in this city are the recipients of the good that accrues from this source. He has gone from us, and suddenly, but he has left behind him a glorious example of energy and probity in business, and of Christian-like benevolence and humanity.

From the Boston Traveller of Dec. 12, 1853.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF JONAS CHICKERING.

Mr. Chickering's death was appropriately and feelingly noticed at Trinity Church, yesterday, where Mr. Chickering long attended public worship, and where he was a communicant, a vestryman, and chairman of the committee on music.

Bishop Eastburn noticed the death in his sermon; and after divine service, a special meeting of the rector, wardens, and vestry of the church was held, and a series of appropriate resolutions was offered by Hon. R. C. Winthrop and

adopted by the meeting, and a copy of the Bishop's sermon was requested for publication.

The passage in the Bishop's sermon which particularly referred to Mr. Chickering was as follows: —

"My Brethren,—Our Heavenly Father, in addition to the admonitions which are conveyed in Scripture, sometimes stimulates our reluctant hearts by the awakening lessons of his Providence. Such a voice we hear speaking to us on this day; when one of our number, who on Sunday last, in company with the members of his household, drew nigh to the table of the Lord, we now miss from his accustomed place within these consecrated walls. This solemn and sudden event must show us, if anything can, the propriety of bestowing our gifts for the enlargement of Zion while life is with us; seeing that we know not how soon these opportunities, so graciously vouchsafed, may be removed forever. But the departure of this excellent person whose loss we deplore, does more than this; it draws our thoughts to the remembrance of an example rich beyond ordinary measure in that virtue of Christian charity, which we are this morning called to exercise.

"My beloved friends, I feel that I should be wanting at once in what is due to the memory of the departed, and in ministerial fidelity to the living, did I not on this occasion speak of our admirable friend as he is truly worthy to be described. You all know what he was. This city knows what he was. Through God's blessing on the quiet, unobtrusive, but unremitting energy of his own character, and the power of his own genius, he became the proprietor of an ample fortune. And how did he use that success? His heart and hand were ever open to the claims of a suffering world. His beneficence, never sleeping, cheered the desolate

hearthstone of the fatherless and the widow, encouraged the fainting, admonished the erring, and raised up the fallen; while, in regard to the building of sanctuaries, the extension of the knowledge of salvation, and the support of Christian institutions, his assistance was made thrice welcome by the cheerfulness with which it was bestowed.

"And here, too, let it be remembered — for it is important to bear it in mind — that, in the case of our friend who has finished his labors, deeds of liberality were not put forth as something distinct from, and not necessarily to be built upon, religion as their legitimate foundation. While his treasures extended the Gospel to others, he received that Gospel for himself; and, at the banquet of the Lord's Supper, openly confessed that Master, whose sacrifice, believed in with the heart, is the only true and scriptural motive for charity to man.

"My brethren, this good man has gone to his rest amidst the bendictions of thousands and the love of all. Had he been here in the body to-day, how gladly would he have thrown his tribute into the Lord's treasury! And how powerfully does his death call upon us to follow him, so far as he followed Christ; and to cast our willing gifts to-day, and to-morrow, and unto the end, towards the hastening of that time when all the kindreds whom the Maker has created 'shall be His people, and He shall be their God.'"

At a meeting of the workmen in Lemuel Gilbert's piano-forte factory, held on the morning of the 12th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Having heard with the deepest regret of the sudden death of our friend and fellow-citizen, Jonas Chickering, we, as piano-forte makers, have

Resolved, That we are deeply sensible of the loss to the

community of a most estimable citizen and a sincere friend of the mechanic; and that, as a mark of respect, we will close our establishment for the day and attend the funeral services.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathise with the family and friends of the deceased, and that we would give them our heart-felt feeling.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family.

The Funeral. The funeral of the late Mr. Chickering took place this morning, and was largely attended. The workmen who were in the employ of the deceased, assembled at the warerooms at half-past ten o'clock, from whence they proceeded to his late residence, and were joined by the other piano-forte makers of the city, under the marshalship of Timothy Gilbert; members of the Handel and Haydn and of the Musical Education Societies; the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association (of which the deceased was President;) St. Andrew's Lodge and St. Andrew's Chapter, and the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts of Free and Accepted Masons, and the De Molay Encampment of Knights Templars.

These societies formed in procession, and escorted the body, followed by the family and immediate friends of the deceased, to Trinity Church, where the funeral services were performed. The pall-bearers were George Darracott, John Rayner, Stephen Fairbanks, E. A. Raymond, John B. Hammatt, and Robert Hooper.

At precisely a quarter of twelve the body reached the church, and was met by the officiating ministers, Bishop Eastburn and Rev. J. Cotton Smith. They preceded the body up the aisle, the assistant minister reading the opening sentences, commencing, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were

dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." At the conclusion of the sentences, the body was placed in front of the chancel. A dirge was then played on the organ, after which the Bishop read the lesson commencing at the twentieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. The 124th Hymn was then sung, commencing,

"Hear what the voice from Heaven declares
To those in Christ who die;
Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high."

At the conclusion of the prayer, the remainder of the service — which is usually performed at the grave — was gone through with, and the benediction pronounced; after which the body was removed from the church, the procession was re-formed, and escorted the body and mourners to Cambridge bridge. From this place the procession dispersed, and the body was conveyed to its final resting-place at Mount Auburn.

The procession was quite large, being composed of eight hundred and fifteen persons. In the ranks were Hon. Abbott Lawrence and Robert C. Winthrop, Gen. Henry K. Oliver, and many other distinguished citizens. In the church we noticed Mayor Seaver, Hon. Rufus Choate, and a large number of the clergy of the Episcopal Church.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there were hundreds in the street who were unable to gain admittance.

All the piano-forte manufactories and music-stores in the city were closed, as a token of respect to the deceased; and by order of the Mayor the various church-bells in the city tolled a knell "to the memory of departed worth."

From the Evening Transcript of Dec. 12, 1853.

THE GOOD MAN'S EXAMPLE.

We have rarely known so general and spontaneous a feeling of sorrow to pervade our city, as the past few days have revealed. We meet with men in every walk of life who feel that they have lost a personal friend — one whose memory they will ever cherish, and whose influence and example will be felt in our city for years to come. The public journals have echoed the sentiments of the whole community in their eulogies upon the life and character of the deceased; and various organizations have united in tributes of regard to the memory of their departed associate.

Yesterday, the pulpit enforced its sacred lessons, and appealed with renewed power in favor of the Christian graces and virtues, by referring to the worth of goodness and the beauty of holiness, as illustrated in life and character.

We are permitted to publish the concluding paragraphs of a discourse preached by the pastor of one of our city churches yesterday morning, in which allusion was made to the character of him whose loss is mourned by men of all parties and sects. This tribute derives additional interest from the fact that it was delivered in a church of another denomination from that with which the deceased usually worshipped.

"FOLLOW THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

"Meditation tells us that this is the wisdom, the glory, and the destiny of man. The Bible, by its precepts, and especially by its strong and saintly characters — Moses and Samuel — John and Paul — above all by the Highest name — calls on us to scorn all the earthly ignorance that would put anything before goodness, either for beauty or

reward. Yes, and that wider bible of human life, which God is unfolding to our eyes every day in society, endorses the wisdom of his transcribed Word, and enforces in every way its joyous and serious appeal.

"A noble character, a beneficent career — particularly one that has just floated off from the gravity of this world, and hangs in spiritual beauty amid the still atmosphere of death, before it loses itself among its kindred in the all-surrounding heaven — is it not a radiant and sweet appeal to our sentiments against the follies of selfishness and pleasure and unbelief? What argument for piety and holy service so insinuating and conclusive as the influence of a noble man, that has just closed his mortal methods of beneficence, and leaves his place sacred among his fellows, while his moral beauty gleams with the halo of eternity about it, before the senses startled with the tidings that he is dead? The bad man, or the useless, cold-hearted man dies, and like the cuttle-fish sheds a black medium around him, through which we do not care to pierce with any interest or hearty sympathy. But the good man departs, and his finished character becomes a luminous sermon, with chapters printed in an undying tissue, in favor of charity and meekness and kindly sentiments and a reverent mind. The lives of such support the interests of society and virtue; their memories are like holy chants and cheering songs.

"Boston has lost many such during the past year — men whose influence in the pulpit, where the 'almond tree' flourished in saintly beauty on their head; in the market, where their integrity supported the laws of honor; and in the chambers from which they dispensed their unfailing charity, were orations in behalf of religion and the gospel. And now that one more is departed, and the blessings of

friends and dependents follow his quick ascension, with melody more sweet than his taste had patronized, let us turn it in the church to the account of goodness; let us see more clearly in the light of such departures the glory of the beatitudes; let us pray for the consecration and the love that will fit us for the call that may come at midnight, to the great sphere of service, and that will leave the echo here of a holy music ceased."

From the Boston Post of Dec. 12, 1853.

At a special meeting of the Rt. Rev. the Rector, the wardens, and vestry of Trinity Church, held immediately after divine service on Sunday morning, Dec. 11, 1853, on motion of Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, it was

Resolved, unanimously, That we have heard with deep regret of the sudden death of our associate and friend, Jonas Chickering, Esq., whose long and faithful services to this church, as a vestryman and as the chairman of its committee on music, have won for him our cordial esteem and regard, and whose character as an exemplary Christian and as a benevolent and excellent man, has secured him the respect of our whole community.

Resolved, That we will attend the funeral of Mr. Chickering at this church to-morrow at 11 o'clock, and that the rector and wardens be requested to take measures for the appropriate services and solemnities, and to make all necessary arrangements for the accommodation of the various associations who have proposed to be present on the occasion.

Resolved, That the Rt. Rev. Rector be requested to furnish a copy of his discourse delivered this morning, or of such portions of it as related to the character of our deceased associate, for publication.

Resolved, That an attested copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the widow and family of Mr. Chickering, with the assurance of the sincere sympathy of every member of this board in their afflicting bereavement.

The motion was accepted, and Messrs. J. M. Wightman and James Lee, Jr., were appointed a committee of arrangements, and the meeting adjourned.

Attest, JAMES LEE, JR., *Sec. of Vestry.*

At a meeting of the workmen in the employ of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, held on Saturday, 10th inst., for the purpose of making arrangements to attend the funeral of Mr. Chickering, it was

Resolved, That it is with feelings of the deepest regret we have learned of the death of our much lamented friend and employer, Jonas Chickering.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the family and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we assemble on Monday, the 12th inst., at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to one whose memory will ever be cherished by us all.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased.

STEPHEN R. CLAPP,
JOHN SHARLAND,
CALVIN ALLEN,
D. T. HARADEN,

D. T. HARADEN, *Secretary.* *Committee.*

From the Boston Journal of Dec. 13, 1853.

FUNERAL OF JONAS CHICKERING.

Trinity Church was crowded yesterday morning with mourners and friends at the funeral of Mr. Chickering. The genuine kindness of heart, the probity, honor, uprightness, and public spirit of the deceased, had peculiarly endeared him to a large portion of our citizens, and the

general feeling of grief at his sudden death, found expression in this last tribute of respect to his inanimate remains. If the church could have been enlarged to three times its present capacity, it would have been found too small to accommodate those who sought to be present. Summer street, Hawley street, and the corners of Washington street, were filled with people long before the funeral cortege arrived at the church. The look of sadness upon the faces of all, and occasionally a dropping tear, attested the universal grief.

In respect to the memory of the deceased, all the music-stores in the city were closed, and the piano manufacturers all suspended business during the day, and employers and men expressed their sympathies with the afflicted family. Nearly all our resident musicians were also present.

At 11 o'clock the procession was formed at the residence of the deceased, and proceeded to Trinity Church in the following order:

Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.
Officers of Handel and Haydn Society.
Grand Lodge of St. Paul, and St. Andrew's Chapter of Odd Fellows.
Royal Arch Masons.
De Molay Encampment Knights Templar.
Suffolk Lodge of Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
Officers of Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association.
All the Workmen in Mr. Chickering's employ.
The Hearse bearing the Body.

PALL-BEARERS.

Edward Raymond,	H. N. Hooper,
John Rayner,	George Darracott,
John B. Hammatt,	Stephen Fairbanks.

The first three are Masons, and the last three are ex-Presidents of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association.

With all the above charitable and benevolent bodies, Mr. Chickering was connected, either as member or officer. Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and Abbott Lawrence walked in procession with the Mechanics' Association. Josiah Quincy, Jr., Mayor Seaver, and many other prominent men, were present in the procession and in the church.

Arrived at the church, the procession parted to right and left, and the body and the family passed into the church.

The galleries of the church had been thrown open to the public at 10 o'clock, and in a few moments they were densely packed with ladies. On the right, on the floor of the house, were placed the members of the Handel and Haydn Society, of which Mr. Chickering had been President. On the left were seated two hundred workmen, in the employ of the deceased. The relatives and mourners were seated in the centre, and the various benevolent and other societies filled the remainder of the body of the house. The arrangements of the funeral services were under the direction of Mr. J. M. Wightman.

The body was met at the door by Bishop Eastburn and his assistant, who commenced reading the burial service of the Episcopal Church, beginning, "I am the resurrection and the life." While the mourning family and friends were being seated, those in the house remained standing, and the organ played music appropriate to the occasion.

The fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians was then read, after which a hymn was sung, commencing,

> "Hear what the voice from heaven declares
> To those in Christ who die."

The singing was very solemn and impressive, rendered still more so by the evident emotion of the singers.

After the singing, the Bishop read the remainder of the beautiful Episcopal burial service over the coffin, committing "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

The services in the church being concluded, the procession re-formed, and passed through Winter and other streets to Cambridge bridge, where those who chose accompanied the remains to Mount Auburn.

The funeral was one of the largest and most solemn and impressive which has taken place in this city for a long time.

From the Evening Transcript of Dec. 13, 1853.

At a large meeting convened on Monday morning from the various piano-forte manufactories of this city, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of our esteemed fellow-citizen, the late Jonas Chickering, our profession has lost a worthy member, whose unostentatious enterprise, industry, liberality, and gentlemanly demeanor, is a worthy example for our highest ambition.

Resolved, That the various objects of benevolence, to which he was a cheerful contributor, and especially the humble poor, whose wants were seldom if ever disregarded by him, have lost a friend, the remembrance of whom will bring sadness to many hearts.

Resolved, That in this dispensation of Divine Providence his family have met with an irreparable loss, and that we tender to them our kindest sympathy.

Resolved, That we as a body will attend his funeral, and cause our places of business to be closed during the services.

Resolved, That the foregoing be signed by the chairman and secretary of the meeting, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and that the same be published in the daily papers.

T. Gilbert, *Chairman.*
George Hewes, *Secretary.*

Boston, Dec. 12, 1853.

From the Evening Transcript of Dec. 13, 1853.

MASSACHUSETTS CHARITABLE MECHANIC ASSOCIATION.

OFFICIAL PROCEEDINGS ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THEIR LATE PRESIDENT, JONAS CHICKERING, ESQ.

Mr. Chickering died on Thursday evening, the 8th inst. At 12 o'clock, on Friday, the government held a special meeting. Upon his decease being announced, a committee was appointed to wait on the family to express the sympathy of the board with them in the bereavement, and the desire to unite in their associate capacity in the last tribute of respect to his remains.

In accordance with these arrangements, the association assembled in their rooms on the morning of the funeral, and after the passage of appropriate resolutions, proceeded under the direction of Charles G. King, Esq., Chief Marshal, and assistants, to the late residence of the deceased in Boylston street.

With other associated bodies they then preceded the corpse to Trinity Church, and at the conclusion of the burial services, in the same order accompanied the body to Cambridge bridge on foot, and from thence followed in carriages the remains to Mount Auburn.

In the funeral train, Messrs. Stephen Fairbanks, James Clark, George Darracott, and Henry N. Hooper, ex-Presidents, acted as pall-bearers in behalf of the association.

The Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, the senior ex-President, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

That Almighty Being, whose righteous prerogative it is to create and to destroy, in whose hand is the life and breath of all mankind, and whose impartial justice deals out to all his creatures the results of his wise counsels and his inexorable decrees, having taken the President of this Association from the scene of his earthly labors and usefulness, it becomes us his associates, while we meekly and reverently submit to this dispensation, to express our profound respect for the virtues of the deceased, and to mingle our sorrows for a loss which, as a body and as individuals, we feel painfully severe. Be it therefore,

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the death of Jonas Chickering, the President of our Association — a man who, in all his relations with us, bore his faculties with unaffected modesty, and cheerfully aided all projects designed to promote its usefulness and secure its respectability; whose persevering industry, mechanical skill and ingenuity, uprightness in dealing, and urbanity in deportment, obtained universal respect and confidence; whose manly fortitude enabled him to meet misfortune without repining; and whose ever-active energy, undismayed by the occurrence of desponding calamity, were the theme of public admiration; in short, whose whole intercourse with the world was regulated by a strong and universal spirit of humanity, will give to his memory an enduring fragrance in the hearts of his associates, and demand respectful commemoration from the community which he served, honored, and adorned.

Resolved, That this testimonial of our regard be presented to the family of our deceased friend and President, in whose sorrows we deeply sympathize, and for whose consolation we devoutly implore the influence of that blessed Power which alone can communicate relief to bereaved and desolate hearts.

Published by order of the Government of the Association.

Dec. 14, 1853.

From the Christian Witness of Dec. 16, 1853.

At a meeting of the Corporation of the Free Church of St. Mary for Sailors, held on Tuesday morning, Dec. 13th, 1853, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1. That this Corporation deplore the loss they have sustained by the death of their friend, brother, and coadjutor, Jonas Chickering.

2. That we deeply sympathize with his family in this painful visitation of God, and sincerely do we hope and pray that the faith he evidenced may be theirs as well as ours, to aid us in the proper receiving and viewing this afflictive dispensation.

3. That though saddened by the loss we and the whole community have suffered, still there is left to us his bright and glorious example, which, by God's help, we trust we shall cherish and keep green in our hearts.

On motion, it was voted, that a copy of the above resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and also to the editor of the Christian Witness, for insertion in that paper.

John P. Robinson, *Rector*.
Wm. W. Morland, *Sec. pro tem.*

From the Boston Post of Dec. 17, 1853.

THE DEATH OF JONAS CHICKERING.

How seldom the public heart is reached by the hand of death! The grave momentarily receives its victims; families are constantly mourning the departure of spirits that were precious to their own circles; friends are shedding tears for friends whom the world knows not; and the public journalist speaks a passing eulogy upon those who were prized for their virtues, though only known to the few.

Thus millions live and die, loving and beloved within the narrow limits of individual homes, who yet were strangers to the busy many, who still are spared for further life and action. What a wilderness of feeling for kindred souls, constituted to advance a common happiness, and how apparently heartless are the pulsations of humanity when they beat for the sorrows of others! They were—and now they are not. How many die whose life is only realized when ended by death, and who leave but little evidence of their usefulness except upon the slab-stones of their graves.

Let us pause to contemplate an exception; to look upon the gathering crowd marked by a common sorrow; to witness tears that flow unchecked from a common fountain. Rank and every order of condition participate in the desolating event which has taken away a citizen, a friend, a husband, and a father. He was no titled ruler, surrounded by the insignia of office, and made powerful by means of public patronage which he had dispensed. He was no statesman, enriched by the gifts of eloquence and by the acquirements of knowledge, able to control a senate and to open the flood-gates of enthusiasm by touching the hearts of an admiring people. He was no warrior from the battle-field, a mark to attract the gaze of the curious, to excite the passions of the ambitious, or to gratify the patriotic multitude. He was distinguished for no exhibitions of wonderful feats, nor marked by any extraordinary manifestations of genius. He was frequently honored by others, but he was the humblest of the humble with his honors upon him; and if he were invested by the power of wealth, he was happily exempted from the corroding evils which its possession engenders, and from those baubles of vanity which its presence so often creates.

What, then, was the mighty power which clothed him with such loveliness of character as to command the willing affections and respect of an entire community? which disarmed the sting of jealousy and the poison of envy? which divested the selfish heart of its coat of steel and the ebullitions of malice of their hate? which called alike together the great, the humble, the rich, and the poor, to do him honor at the same altar, prostrate in prayer, and to follow in unparalleled numbers his remains to the land of the dead? Why such a throng in funeral procession of a mechanic removed but a few hours from his bench of labor.

It was in honor of the SPIRIT OF DUTY, which had been beautifully illustrated in the acts of the deceased. It was to celebrate the glorious achievements of one who sought no higher distinction than that of faithfulness to the simple requisitions of the GOLDEN RULE — to encourage the citizen in responding to the calls of patriotism; to honor the man who was true to humanity; to give aid with a cheerful spirit to the cause of truth at all times and everywhere; to promote science and to cultivate the religious affections; to second and sustain good resolutions in others, and to manifest an earnest desire to contribute counsel or means to increase their happiness; to count it a privilege to serve friends in want, and to console them in seasons of affliction; to afford strength to the weak, means to the unfortunate, and a kind word to all. He did not study how *little* he might do, but he strived to see how much; and if he could not extend a helping hand to all who approached him, no one went away without realizing the sincerity of his friendship. Modest and unpretending in his manners, he was at ease within his own circle, and imposed no restraint upon those who had occasion to consult him or to ask his assist-

ance. He was a man of but few words; but they were to the purpose, kindly tempered, and patiently spoken. His ambition was to be useful, his pride to be happy.

What a lesson to men who aim at no higher distinction than that of mere possession, who vainly endeavor to secure an immortality by costly parades, gilded equipages, palaces for the enjoyment of luxuries in life, and marble monuments to ornament a cemetery and to command the wonder of the curious after death! It is wealth, aided by the artist, presumptuously competing with the soul for laurels which never die; and with what success may be seen in the close of a life of a mechanic, who was always true to duty, and whose decease has moved more hearts at home than the death of any man within the limits of our Commonwealth. The monuments of art crumble and become as the dust of the earth—lost to the human eye and mind; but the good deeds of men form enduring constellations of glory, which surround, perpetuate, and guard forever the spirits which gave them birth. C.

From the New York Musical Review.

LOWELL MASON UPON JONAS CHICKERING.

Before this can come under the notice of the subscribers to the Review, notwithstanding they are widely scattered through the country, they will have heard of the death of one who is well known not only by name, but by his works, to all lovers of music in the land. It may be safely said, without in the least degree undervaluing the important labors of others, that no man has done more towards perfecting the instrument which has now become indispensable

in almost every dwelling, than he whose deeply lamented and sudden death has recently been announced. The piano-forte has grown up and come to maturity in this country under the care and direction of Mr. Jonas Chickering, late of Boston. The very great change which he has made in the capacity of the instrument cannot be realized by any but those who have actually on hand one manufactured a quarter of a century ago, and who have thus the means of an actual comparison of the old with the new. The improvements in travelling by rail and by steam are hardly greater than has been the growth and development of the instrument under the *administration*—as we believe the piano-forte manufacturers will permit it to be called—of Mr. Chickering.

But it is not to the great progress which he has made in his peculiar business that we would now call the attention of our readers. Mr. Chickering did indeed excel in the business he had chosen, but his excellence as a mechanic was not greater than his excellence as a man. Who so strictly honest? On whose word could one rely with such implicit confidence? Who so perfectly upright, transparent, and free from guile in all his dealings with his fellow-men? Who so far removed from pride, assumption, and arrogance? Who so free from all that men call mean or overreaching in his dealings with his fellow-men? Who so universally kind and ready at all times to attend to the calls of others? Whose heart more liberal? Whose hand more open? Who so universally pleasant in looks, in words, and in actions towards both friends and foes? Who so ready to listen to the sad tale of other's woes, to sympathize with the oppressed, and to relieve the suffering? We have known him, aye, known him intimately, for at least twenty-five

years, and we can hardly find words to express our admiration of the undeviating constancy of his goodness. But he needs not the feeble tribute of our praise; his memory is deeply engraved on the hearts of many who have been partakers of his benefaction; yet we felt a strong desire to say a passing word, bearing testimony to that which we have seen and known. Truly, "an honest man is the noblest work of God."

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times of Dec. 11, 1852.

On Wednesday evening last, about a quarter past eleven o'clock, a fire was discovered in the building owned and occupied by Mr. Jonas Chickering, as a piano-forte manufactory, situated on Washington street; and in less than one hour and a half, the entire building was one heap of smouldering ashes. As yet it has not been discovered how the fire was communicated, but circumstances lead to the impression that it was the work of an incendiary. One human being lost his life by being buried beneath the ruins of a wall that fell; and may his ghost forever haunt the soul and body of the wretch who applied the incendiary's torch or match to this noble superstructure.

By this calamitous conflagration over one hundred industrious and worthy men were thrown out of employment, besides being a loser, each, of from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. However, by the extraordinary energy of Mr. Chickering, I am pleased to hear that every man who was in his employ has been notified that he can retain his situation, as well as his salary, by continuing in the same employment; as Mr. Chickering has made arrangements

that will preclude the necessity of his suspending active business beyond a few days. I hear that Mr. Chickering was only partially insured; and never, within my remembrance, has there a calamity befallen one of our citizens that *called* forth such general and universal sympathy as has this.

Jonas Chickering's name is closely linked with every charitable institution, both public and private, that is known in our city. He is a public benefactor, and his pecuniary losses are most assuredly public losses; and while he is the unwavering friend and staunch supporter of all the fine arts, as well as artists of every nation, he is no less the friend and benefactor of the humble, poor, and to fame unknown, widow, and fatherless; the prayers and outpourings of whose hearts I would sooner merit, as he does, than all the riches of Crœsus.

Mr. Chickering's charities have ever been as boundless as the sea, while he has never "let his right hand know what his left hand doeth." All his charities have been bestowed with that quiet, unostentatious manner, so characteristic of true greatness and nobleness of character.

I hazard nothing in saying, there is no man in our community who holds a more exalted position in the hearts of our citizens of all classes than does Mr. Chickering; he is respected and beloved by all, and with the strictest truth can it be said, he is the king of nature's noblemen.

There is a simplicity of manner, a frankness, and sincerity of expression, a meaning and heart, about every act of this good man's life, that captivates, while it commands the most profound admiration of every one.

I am delighted to hear that Mr. Chickering will continue his business as before, and am certain his untiring industry

and indomitable perseverance will enable him soon to make up the great pecuniary loss that has befallen him; he has the universal confidence and sympathy, as well as the good wishes and esteem of our entire community.

At the time of the occurrence of the fire, Mr. Chickering was absent from the city, and upon his return he appeared to be vastly more worried at the loss of life than at his own misfortune; as he said, "he could recover his losses, but the life of the poor fellow who perished in endeavoring to save his property, he could not restore; and that thought cost him a thousand times more pain and grief than would the loss of every dollar he was worth!"

The name of Jonas Chickering will ever be cherished by every Bostonian with the greatest pride.

From Dwight's Journal of Music of Dec. 17, 1853.

JONAS CHICKERING.

The grave has closed over what was mortal of that good man. The funeral was from Trinity Church, on Monday morning. Long before the appointed hour, the galleries, porches, and purlieus of the church were thronged with persons of all classes, eager to join in this last sad tribute of respect, and many a tear told how sincere the general sorrow. All met on common ground, for all had lost a *friend*. For Jonas Chickering was a representative man; he stood for the general tie of *friendship*, so far as this entered as a living element into the multifarious life of this large community. The terms friend, neighbor, fellow-citizen, *meant more* to us when we met his face and took his hand.

The funeral cortége was very large, consisting, besides the immediate family and friends of the deceased, of the members of the Handel and Haydn and of the Musical Education Societies, the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, several Masonic bodies, the workmen of his factory, to the number of some two hundred, and other bodies of piano-forte manufacturers and their employees. These, with nearly all the resident musical professors and principal amateurs, and many of our most distinguished citizens, occupied the body of the church. There were crowds who could not find entrance. The solemnities consisted of the Episcopal service read by Bishop Eastburn and his assistant, and of solemn music by the organist and choir of the church. The societies above-named escorted the procession to Cambridge bridge, where carriages were provided for the many who wished to follow his remains to their last resting-place at Mount Auburn.

Beautiful as well as sad has been this unanimous expression of feeling called forth by the sudden departure of a plain and unpretending good man. It is safe to say that no man's loss in this community would have been felt so universally. Yet he was not a public man, nor one possessed of brilliant, outwardly-commanding qualities. In person and in manner he was meekness and simplicity itself. Of humble origin, remembered without shame, he was humble always, humble in prosperity, but in the true, Christian, positive sense of the word humble. He was, emphatically, one of the people, meeting all persons, his own workmen, and the objects of his thousand nameless acts of charity, as equals. By his own mechanical genius and industry, and by his integrity and social sincerity and kindliness, which is the best part of social tact, he had risen

to the place he occupied as the head of the great business of piano-forte making in this country. Industry, sincerity, and kindness were the only credentials that he asked in others. In matters of church and state he had taken his place, and with the more "conservative" so-called; but always it seemed that friend and neighbor and fellow-citizen and fellow-being were of much more account to him than follower of the same creed or party. He had his opinions, and perhaps his prejudices, but a refreshing liberality told in his conversation and his conduct. He loved to talk—of music *best*, to be sure—but heartily of all things interesting the attention of the community; and he judged thoughts and statements by the two tests of a sound intuitive common-sense and a good heart, rather than by traditions and prevailing ways of thinking. This, we believe, will be the universal testimony of the friends, old and young, who used to "drop in at Chickering's" of an afternoon, after the day's business was done, to have a little neighborly, refreshing chat with the mild and genial proprietor.

Mr. Chickering's superior intelligence and really great moral force of purpose almost suffered, in the general impression, from the remarkable development of all the kind and generous and gentle traits in him. Yet those who knew him well know that, without what is called an education, and with no claim to extensive general information, he was really a most intelligent, if not precisely an intellectual man, and that with the most willing and habitual deference to other's thoughts and wishes, he, through all his gentleness, maintained a clear and stedfast purpose of his own. But it was his goodness of heart, his never-ceasing acts of charity, his uniform cordiality and

sweetness, that endeared him to all who came within his reach. In the musical world, especially, he was the best and largest representative of all our hospitality. Every artist came to him, sure of hearty welcome and disinterested advice, and, if need were, of active aid in time and money in the furtherance of his artistic success or the lightening of his failure. Many have been the cases of young and struggling talent, where he has furnished the means of education, and where he has since been looked up to almost as a father. To none that needed and deserved was his hand closed; and if his good nature was sometimes imposed upon, was not the loss a thousand times made good to him in such a sentiment as his death shows to have long existed towards him in this whole community?

The whole cause of music in this city owes much to Mr. Chickering. Every worthy enterprise for the promotion of musical taste and culture has numbered him among its most efficient friends and patrons. He was for many years president of the Handel and Haydn Society, and always exercised an important voice in its affairs. He was one of the readiest and largest venturers in the Boston Music Hall enterprise. His pianos and his rooms for rehearsal have been freely at the service of all concert-giving societies or individuals, amateur clubs, &c. He was chairman of the music committee in Trinity Church, and sang there himself in the choir on the last Sunday of his life, volunteering to fill the vacancy occasioned by some difficulty among the regular singers.* Our own little journalizing enterprize, too, owes some of its earliest and best encouragement to him.

* The editor of the "Journal of Music" has unintentionally misstated the facts. Mr. Chickering was among the choir of Trinity Church on the last Sunday of his life, but the "*difficulty*" which occasioned his presence there was *in the organ*, not "among the regular singers." We are parti-

This public-spirited activity of his was by no means limited to musical matters. He contributed his part largely and in all ways to the industrial, moral, and charitable

cularly anxious to correct the statement, because we feel a great degree of pride, not only in the harmony made by "the regular singers," but also in that which exists among them; and the statement made by the Journal throws an imputation upon them which they do not deserve. The choir of Trinity Church consists of Miss Anna Stone as the soprano, Mrs. Morse (formerly Miss Emmons) as contralto, Mr. Aiken as basso, and Mr. Kimberly as tenor. And when to these we add Mr. Hayter, Sen., as the organist, we think we have presented a galaxy of musical talent, of which any church may justly boast. Of Miss Stone we have already spoken on a previous page, (*see note on page* 43,) and of the others it is sufficient praise to say that she is nobly supported. Mrs. Morse has a voice of surpassing sweetness, and she sings with much taste and expression. The tenor of Mr. Kimberly is rich, and his "*falsetto*" is so easy, and in such perfect keeping, that the ear can with difficulty discern where it commences. Of Mr. Aiken's bass it is enough to say that it constitutes a foundation worthy of the superstructure. It is full without harshness, and sweet without effeminacy. The church has always been willing to pay liberally for this delightful part of its public services. For many years, the liberal sum of seventeen hundred dollars has been annually appropriated for this purpose. The services of Mr. Hayter were secured by Rev. Dr. Wainwright (now Bishop of New York) at the time when he was rector of the church. Of Mr. Hayter as organist it is needless to speak, as he is sufficiently known by all musical people. But of one peculiarity we cannot refrain from a passing remark, as it stands out in so bold relief from the style of others who "*preside*" at the organ or piano-forte. We allude to his making the instrument strictly *subordinate*. As an accompanist, he never allows the instrument to be "*in obligato*." On the organ, however, he frequently indulges in a most delightful strain in double counterpoint, as an accompaniment, which leaves nothing for the ear to desire. Of the organ of Trinity Church we cannot say too much, and especially of the reed-stops, which are sweet without sameness and powerful without harshness. We have frequently conversed with Mr. Chickering on this subject, and have great satisfaction in knowing that his views were in strict accordance with our own. On the whole, it may be sufficient to say of the music of Trinity Church, that it is altogether of that character which will fill and satisfy the ears of those

"who to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

To which we may add that it is mainly owing to the taste and judgment of Mr. Chickering, that the church has so long enjoyed this delightful addition to her solemn services.

prestige of our city. He had been three years president of the Mechanic Association when he died; and it was his unwearied personal devotion to the business of its last autumnal fair, which added, perhaps, the grain too much to the weight of care upon his brain, already overtasked by the large and complicated plans for re-arranging and improving his own business, after the destruction of his factory by fire, and brought on the first of the series of paralytic attacks that resulted in his death. He was a member of the Legislature one or two years. He was eminently a society-man, and an active member of many charitable and fraternal institutions. Death found him in the midst of these good works, too heartily and unselfishly engaged in them to heed his sudden coming, for which, however, he was at any time prepared. He was at the house of a neighbor, assisting in a meeting of the government or council of a new college for female medical education, and was expressing his views, when his head sank upon his breast, and earthly consciousness returned no more.

If we have been repeating facts and impressions which for the week past have been the fond themes of every newspaper and private circle, it is because we are not willing that this Journal of Music should be without some record of a life so purely spent and so affectionately esteemed throughout this whole community of music-lovers—some monument, however humble, to his memory. We can say nothing that has not been better said, nothing that is not known to all in this vicinity, and certainly not the hundredth part of what is felt by all who knew him.

Were we to state what always impressed us most in Mr. Chickering, we should say it was the sweet, harmonious, gentle sphere he carried with him. It would seem as if

music, which he so dearly loved and so truly appreciated in its highest forms of art, had so harmonized and tempered the whole inner man, as gradually to mould the naturally plain features of the outward man into a permanent expression of positive beauty. His face and presence in all pleasant companies contributed a certain ideal charm. The glow of heart and goodness made the air mild and genial about him. Such beautiful simplicity seldom meets us in mature years. Our friend was not a highly cultivated man; his education had been plain and practical; yet goodness of heart so shone through him with ever riper, milder, purer light, and music, which he not only heard and loved, but re-enacted daily in good deeds, had wrought such genuine refinement in the whole man, that he was fit society for the best.

The life of Jonas Chickering was what is called an uneventful one. His father was a farmer and blacksmith in the village of New Ipswich, N. H., where he was born in April, 1797, and brought up with a good common-school education. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed for three years to a cabinet-maker in his native town. He had a natural love for music, and spent much of his leisure in learning to sing by note, and to play on such instruments as were most in use. There was one solitary piano in the village, and one maiden that could play; and we have heard how the bashful lad, eager to drink in the dulcet sounds, would go and linger by the gate, but could not be prevailed upon to enter the house of his musical fair schoolmate. Was she not a sort of St. Cecilia to him? and was not that piano, discoursing simple and old-fashioned music, a rarer revelation and delight to that boy's wondering soul, than many a most artistic concert to the satiated ears of

amateurs in cities? In course of time the piano got out of tune and "*out of kilter*," and the ingenious Jonas must e called upon to try his hand at putting it in order. He succeeded, after much experimenting, in restoring the wondrous machine to usefulness. He was then nineteen, and this was the germ of the great piano-making business which now bears his name. He came to Boston on the 15th of February, 1818, and sought and found employment that very day, where he continued at work for one year. He then entered the employment of Mr. Osborne, the only piano-forte manufacturer in Boston. In 1823 he commenced the business for himself in partnership with Mr. Stewart, who had introduced many improvements in the piano, and had acquired some fame. His old associates tell how the "green youth from the country" soon put himself *en rapport* with the musical doings of the town; how he has been seen playing a clarionet in the streets, to the accompaniment of bass-drum, &c., the old-fashioned military music of the day; and how he sang alto in the choirs of various churches. Such were the plain New England beginnings of the man who afterwards became the centre of musical art and artists in this city. On the twelfth anniversary of his arrival in Boston, he became associated with the late Mr. Mackay, a thorough business-man and capitalist, with whom he continued ten years. The business has since rapidly and steadily expanded to its present magnitude, well known to all. It will still go on, together with the vast improvements which Mr. Chickering was completing, under his three sons, who have all had practical experience in the establishment.

The funeral of Mr. Chickering was a very solemn and imposing occasion, in itself a tribute of the whole commu-

nity. But we believe it is a very general feeling among our music-loving citizens, that some public musical solemnity in the Music Hall ought soon to take place in token of our respect and sorrow. *Not*, as we have seen suggested, a *concert*, to raise money and erect a monument; but an artistic solemnity, an expression of the general feeling by music, and perhaps by fit words spoken. Let the oldest musical society, the Handel and Haydn, of which he had been president, take the initiative; let all the musical societies, resident professors and artists, music-dealers and music-lovers generally, raise a committee and contribute their energies to make it all it should be. Some of Handel's solemn choruses and lofty songs of faith, one of the orchestral dirges of Beethoven, &c., readily suggest themselves as fit expressions. And why may not one of our choral societies master some portions of Mozart's "Requiem," the grandest funeral music ever written, which is performed once a year in every considerable town in Germany?

From the N. Y. Musical World & Times of Dec. 18, 1852.

THE PIANO-FORTE—JONAS CHICKERING.

The piano-forte is the most universal of instruments. Scarcely a family in this country, beyond the ordinary means of subsistence, is without one. But very few, we imagine, are at all acquainted with the "natural history" of the piano; no information touching the construction of the instrument, the materials used in its manufacture, whence derived, and the amount of capital, machinery, and industry applied, has been disseminated. But these must certainly be interesting subjects, concerning so popular,

practical, and almost necessary an appendage of social and domestic life. We have long had an article of this description in view. And now that public attention has so generally and sympathisingly been called to this branch of industry by the destruction in Boston of Mr. Chickering's unrivalled establishment, such an article seems peculiarly timely and in place. We therefore present our readers this week with the following truly interesting and valuable sketch, prepared by our colleague, Mr. Dyer, from materials collected specially by him for the purpose:

Lady (we write to the ladies,) you are perhaps seated at a piano-forte. Possibly you are engaged in the laudable task of mastering the "elements;" you may be at that interesting stage of progress which is marked by the constant repetition of "one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." For ought we know, you may, at this moment, be vainly endeavoring to coax your left hand to act its part with the same freedom and good-will as does your right; or you may be striving to impress upon the third finger of either hand the absolute necessity of its exhibiting on all occasions the same pith and vigor as its more muscular companions; or you may be laboring to give the thumb a clear and practical understanding of the sideward and *underward* movement it is expected to perform. Perhaps you have got beyond all this. It is to be hoped you have; and that you can make adventurous voyages on the open sea of a seven-octave piano-forte, from pole to pole of the instrument, untroubled by flats, shoals, sharps, sudden modulations, or any of the harmonic quicksands which reckless composers delight to scatter in the path of the musical voyager.

Well, we propose to write a chapter on piano-fortes. A brief statement of the capital, experience, skill, and industry expended in a single piano-forte manufactory, cannot fail, we think, both to interest and astonish every person. We have selected for our purpose the manufactory of Mr. Jonas Chickering of Boston, it being the only one we know anything about. Nearly a year since (when we were preparing to commence the publication of the Musical World and Journal of the Fine Arts,) we visited Boston for the purpose of making the acquaintance of some of the leading musical people in that city. Prominent on our list, of course, was the name of Chickering. We had heard of Chickering, and of his "Patent Grand-action Piano-fortes," ever since we could remember. At one time we had an indefinite sort of an idea that Chickering was the inventor of the instrument, and made all the pianos in use. Indeed, the time was when we looked upon Chickering as one of our most important "institutions," and used to mix his name up with the Tariff, National Bank, Free Trade, River and Harbor Improvements, the Eastern Boundary, and other great national questions. At the time of the aforesaid visit to Boston, our opinion respecting Mr. Chickering had, of course, been greatly modified; still, we had an opinion of him; and for the benefit of our readers (and, possibly, to the amusement of Mr. C. himself) we will state what sort of a man we *expected* to find him, and what sort of a man we actually *did* find him.

Knowing that Mr. Chickering had been very successful in his business, and that he was "worth a plum or two," our mind was, naturally enough, "severely exercised" as to what manner of man he might be; and, in walking from our hotel to his office, we mentally painted his portrait to

the best of our ability. The result of our efforts was the production of a picture (in our mind's eye) of a gentleman some six feet high; rather stout; aged, but hale and hearty; his hair "frosted over by some seventy winters," and standing obstinately out from his head like Beethoven's; his features sharp, angular, cutting, and the expression of his countenance severe and determined, with a mixture of *hauteur*. We expected to be received with cool indifference, and made to feel that between a successful millionaire, with the income of a prince, and an unfledged publisher, whose income was much less certain than his outgoes, there is a tremendous gulf, which the latter would do well not to attempt hastily to cross. Under these impressions, we mounted the stairs that led to Mr. Chickering's counting-room, entered, asked for Mr. Jonas Chickering, and were directed to seek him in a certain room pointed out. We knocked at the door of said room, supposing we were now at the portals of the innermost sanctuary. "Come in," said a mild voice. In we went. Instead of finding (as we expected) a gorgeously furnished office, with the original of the mental portrait above-described sitting in state at one end of it, we found a very practical workshop; and at a sort of cabinet-maker's bench, we saw a middle-aged man, of medium size, wearing spectacles and a check-apron, holding a plane in his hand; and *this* was Mr. Chickering.

The reader can doubtless imagine our surprise at this discovery. Our pre-conceived notions of Mr. C.'s personal appearance, when contrasted with the reality, struck us as being so very droll, that we could hardly refrain from smiling; but we thanked heaven for the dis-illusion. The real Chickering was worth a regiment of our imaginary Chickerings. As we gazed upon his honest, intelligent, and

benevolent countenance, we thought we divined at once the secret of his unparalleled success; and subsequent observation confirmed our first impression on this point. From our present knowledge of Mr. Chickering's character, we have no hesitation in saying that it never was his *primary* object to make money. He always has been, is, and, from the constitution of his mind, he must always be, ambitious to make the best possible instruments, without regard to the time, labor, and expense bestowed on their production. This, we are confident, is the *governing* motive of his mind; and success must, perforce, follow. Mr. Chickering can no more escape success, so long as he shall continue in business, than he can get rid of his shadow; for *success* is (so to speak) but the *shadow of his character*—and "may it never be less." Many persons, neglecting the *substance*, eagerly grasp after the *shadow*, and, like the dog in the fable, lose both. But Mr. Chickering is only anxious to secure the *substance;* he does secure it, and the *shadow* follows of course.

During our stay in Boston, we took occasion to ramble over Mr. Chickering's establishment, at 334 Washington street, and learn some of the mysteries of piano-forte making.

In the first place, we found that the lumber used in making pianos, and which consists for the most part of oak, rock-maple, pine, and spruce, comes from Maine, New Hampshire, and New York. The *hard* wood (oak and rock-maple) comes from New Hampshire, and is used for the *legs* of the pianos and the foundations of the cases. The *soft* wood, or pine, comes from Maine, and is used for a variety of purposes too numerous to mention. The spruce is used only for sounding-boards, and is all obtained in Herkimer county in the State of New York. Mr. Chicker-

ing considers this spruce equal to the Swiss pine, or fir, and uses it altogether for his sounding-boards—a fact of which the inhabitants of "Old Herkimer" would do well to make a note. While this lumber is yet in the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, and New York, it is cut and sawed into blocks, boards, and pieces of the most convenient size and shape for the piano-forte makers, and is thence conveyed by boat and railroad to the factories where it is to be worked up. The selection and purchase of lumber is a matter of the highest importance, and requires the keenest inspection and most faultless judgment, as the wood must be straight-grained and free from all knots, shakes, or other imperfections. Mr. Chickering never buys lumber on the recommendation of any one, but always examines it himself. He purchases vast quantities at a time—often a hundred thousand feet or more in a lot; and he always has from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars worth of rough wood or lumber on hand.

In addition to the lumber abovementioned, Mr. Chickering always keeps on hand from thirty to fifty thousand dollars worth of *veneering*. This is composed principally of *rosewood*, comparatively little mahogany now being used for that purpose. It seems strange that so fashionable a wood as mahogany once was, should now be so generally "cut" by fashion's votaries; but so it is. Woods, like men and books and *isms*, have their day, and are superseded by rivals. Just now, *rosewood* is the favorite cabinet material. Rosewood is brought from South America.

The hardware annually consumed at Mr. Chickering's establishments (we say establishments, for he has four factories) amounts to no insignificant item. It consists of hinges, screws, castors, locks, etc., which in the aggregate amount

to several thousand dollars a year. Then there are the tuning-pins; they cost some twenty-five hundred dollars per annum.

The *ivory*, for keys, is another item of consequence. Until within four or five years, ivory was bought in the tooth, and worked up by the piano-forte maker with machinery made expressly for that purpose; but now it is obtained already prepared for the keys. Messrs. Pratt, Brother & Co., of Deepriver, Conn., now furnish prepared ivory for nearly all the principal piano-forte makers in the Union.

Another expensive item is the *wire* of which the strings are made. Formerly all the wire used for this purpose had to be imported at considerable expense from England; but, within a couple of years, a Mr. Washburn of Worcester, Mass., has succeeded in producing a wire which is much superior to anything of the kind made on the other side of the Atlantic; and he now furnishes most of the wire used for piano-forte strings in this country. This is a great convenience, for the wire is not only thus obtained more readily, but it is cheaper and better.

The frames of Mr. Chickering's piano-fortes are made of solid iron, and are cast at Alger's foundry in South Boston. They constitute another item of expense, which is by no means insignificant.

It may be that by this time the reader begins to think that to carry on the business of making piano-fortes is no trifling affair, and requires not a little capital; and if the reader does think so, he thinks right. Taking the outlay for buildings, the value of real estate, the cost of lumber, machinery, tools, and other materials on hand, and the working cash capital necessary to keep everything going on

smoothly, and Mr. Chickering must have nearly, if not quite, *half a million of dollars invested in his business.*

We will now endeavor to give an intelligent statement of the process of piano-forte making. We shall not go into all the particulars, nor begin at the uttermost beginning. That would be unnecessary. As long as ivory is used for covering the keys of pianos, elephants will have to be caught and the dentistical operation of extracting their tusks will have to be performed; but it is not necessary to describe *that.* So trees will have to be felled and sawed for lumber, and mines must be worked for ore; but it is not necessary to describe these operations. We will begin at Mr. Chickering's factory at Lawrence, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

It has been stated that Mr. Chickering always has on hand from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars worth of rough wood or lumber. Well, this wood is "stuck up to season" in yards prepared for that purpose at Lawrence. After having been thus exposed to the weather for a couple of years or more, it is removed under cover, where it is left to "season" for some two years longer. Thus it will be seen that the wood is kept on hand from three to four years before it is considered fit for use. After the wood has been thus dried and re-dried, it is sawed and planed and turned into the right dimensions and shapes for the foundation of the cases, legs, etc. This is all done at Lawrence, by the aid of the river Merrimac, which kindly drives the machinery for Mr. Chickering. (Some of these Yankee workshops are rather exciting places for a novice to visit. There are so many saws and augers and planes and turning-lathes buzzing and boring and skirring and whirring around, that unless one looks sharp he will find an auger-hole through him, or

have a shaving taken off him, before he knows what he is about.) The wood being cut as aforesaid, the pieces are put up in what is called the "drying-room," *and dried or seasoned for the third time.* They remain here a year or longer, never being used until they have become thoroughly seasoned. In this way stock for twelve or fifteen hundred cases is always on hand; and when one lot is taken down, another lot is put up in its place for the next year. Thus, it appears, that after a tree is cut down and sawed into lumber, it has to undergo a probation of some six years, before it is admitted into one of Chickering's pianos. This is to ensure its good behavior after being incorporated with an instrument; and it is no more than right that Mr. Chickering should be thus exacting; for if a bit of lumber in a piano should shrink or warp or crack, the instrument would inevitably be spoiled. It is well, therefore, to guard against such an untoward event, by taking all friskiness out of the wood before letting it into a piano; just as cautious old gentlemen are careful to ascertain whether a young fellow has sown all his wild oats, before admitting him into their families.

The material being at last sufficiently seasoned, it is worked up into what is called the *skeleton of the piano*, which consists simply of the case and legs before they have been veneered, that is, covered with a thin coating of rosewood or mahogany. Mr. Chickering considers the "skeleton" a very important part of the piano, and is particularly careful to have it made in the best possible manner. When these "skeletons" are completed, they are transported by railroad from the factory at Lawrence to the veneering factory, which is situated in Franklin Square, Boston. This veneering factory is an extensive establishment; it is

one hundred and fifteen feet long, sixty-five feet wide, and five stories high. Here one hundred men are employed in veneering the cases, in carving, and other ornamental work.

The cases being completed at the Franklin Square factory, are now transported to the finishing-rooms in the building No. 334 Washington street,* Boston, where are also the salesrooms. This building is a very fine one. It is one hundred feet long on the street, and one hundred and thirty feet deep. It forms an L, one side of which is sixty, and the other fifty feet wide. The edifice is five stories high. In this establishment are employed about one hundred workmen in "finishing" the pianos. This term "finishing" is very comprehensive, the business being divided into upwards of twenty different departments or classes. To each department a certain number of men is assigned, and they never do anything that does not come under their department. The same men always do the same things from year's end to year's end. For example, the man who makes *hammers* never does anything else. He simply hammers away at his hammers from day to day and month to month and year to year. Yes, from year to year! Mr. Chickering has a man in his factory who has done nothing but make hammers to piano-fortes for *thirty years!* But a hammer, even, is not all made by one man. This seemingly small business is subdivided into four departments;

* This splendid establishment, with all its contents, was totally consumed by fire on the night of Wednesday, Dec. 1, 1852. The loss, over and above the insurance, is estimated at *two hundred thousand dollars*, and the damage to Mr. Chickering's business, owing to disarrangements, delays, and other causes resulting from the conflagration, must come near another hundred thousand dollars. But Mr. C. will easily surmount the difficulties consequent upon this calamity; his name — his character is alone sufficient to beat back and overcome all the pecuniary catastrophes that could possibly befal him.

one workman making the wood-work; another, the hinges or joints; a third puts on the leathers; and a fourth fits the hammers in their places in the instrument. So the men who put in the strings never do anything else; they who make the sounding-boards never do anything else; the men who make the keys never do anything else; and thus it is throughout every department. There are several workmen who have been in Mr. Chickering's employment *over thirty years, and have never done but one kind of work*. This minute subdivision of labor secures, of course, the greatest possible uniformity and perfection; and herein may be found one of the causes of the great excellence of Mr. Chickering's piano-fortes.

The first thing put into the case is the sounding-board, on the quality and preparation of which depends, to a great extent, the character of the instrument; therefore its preparation receives especial attention. As has been already stated, the sounding-board is made of spruce, which comes from Herkimer county, in this State. The spruce boards are kept in a spacious room, in which there is a huge coal-fire the year round. The fire is as hot during the most sweltering days of summer, as in the coldest winter time. This is for the purpose of having the boards *thoroughly seasoned*, inasmuch as the slightest remains of dampness would be fatal. There are some important facts in relation to the preparation of these boards, which we are not at liberty to mention. After the sounding-board has been put in, the case is taken to the varnishing-room and varnished. It is then taken to the "finishing-room" *par excellence*, where it is positively and finally "finished," after passing through the hands of five different classes of workmen. In the first place it is "strung." Then the *action* (that is,

the keys, hammers, etc.,) is put in; and after the action has been properly adjusted, the tuners follow, and "put the instrument in tune." Next it is carefully inspected and regulated by a Mr. Brown, an experienced workman, who has done nothing else for a number of years. The piano-forte is then put into the salesroom, where it is again examined by Mr. Chickering himself, who remedies any trifling errors he may discover; but if he detects an important defect, he sends the instrument back to the department in which the error occurred, and has it at once perfected.

We have omitted to mention one point which deserves especial notice, viz: the manufacture of the keys. These are made at a factory which is situated in Lancaster, Mass. Here Mr. Chickering keeps from fifteen to twenty men constantly at work making keys. The business is divided into several branches. One man does the wood-work; another the ivory-work; a third blacks the keys, etc. Now to give the ladies — for whose gratification this article, we said, is written — an idea of the complicated character of the action of a piano-forte, and the labor expended upon it, it may be remarked that, to perfect a key so as to be certain when you strike it that a tone will follow, *over sixty distinct pieces of material are necessary!* In a seven-octave piano there are eighty-five keys; so that in the action of such an instrument there are over five thousand pieces of wood, brass, iron, steel, cloth, leather, &c., which have to be handled over one by one, and two-thirds of them have to be handled several times. Reflect a moment, reader, and get a realizing sense of the vast amount of patient, skilful toil that has been expended in arranging those simple-looking keys (over which you run your fingers so glibly) ready to your hand. That last word, in this connection, strikes us

forcibly. Hand!—hand-labor is not very highly respected in what are considered the most respectable quarters. The hand is, in fact, considered vulgar; *but* it is a mighty appendage, that hand. Suppose the human arm had terminated with the claw of a bird, the paw of a beast, the—anything, in short, but a hand. The human race would never have got beyond fig-leaf garments; yea, they never would have got so far as fig-leaves. They never would have got anywhere. The human head is doubtless an important affair; but, unsupported by the human hand, it had better never have been created. But to return to our subject.

As has been stated, Mr. Chickering has half a million dollars invested in his business, and keeps four factories in operation. He makes, on an average, twenty-five pianos a week, or thirteen hundred a year, and keeps some three hundred workmen constantly employed. His instruments have a transcendent reputation, especially his *Grand Pianofortes*. After what has been stated, it will not be difficult to account for their excellence. Mr. Chickering never allows an instrument to be sold until he has himself examined, tested, and approved it. He still works, more or less, at his business; is constantly introducing improvements in piano-forte making, and perfecting the details of the art; and he is the guiding and directing spirit of the vast operations we have described. True, he has his business so well organized that, to the superficial observer, it seems to "go itself;" but, still, his is the energetic and controlling mind. He watches over everything, directs everything, and perfects everything; and he makes no fuss about it. It is all done so quietly, one hardly knows that anything is done at all. This is the crowning feature of Mr. Chickering's enterprise,

and at once stamps him a superior man; and this is a good point with which to close this part of the subject. We have done with the piano-forte maker; now a word to the piano-forte *owner*.

Perhaps you have one of Chickering's "*Grands*" by your side. What is it? To most minds it is simply a mechanical arrangement of wood, iron, ivory, steel, wire, leather, and various other vulgar materials, which, taken separately, are beneath the notice of any well-bred lady or gentleman; it is a mere mechanical affair, and the maker is, of course, only a mechanic. But a piano-forte is more than this; it is thought, courage, genius, industry, invention, and skill embodied. Look at your piano, lady. Are you aware that, to produce this simple instrument, men peril their lives hunting elephants in the jungles of India; that the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, New York, and South America, resound with the strokes of the woodman's axe; that the bowels of the earth are ransacked for ore; that numberless mills are kept running night and day; that hundreds of steam-engines constantly ply their tireless arms; that ships traverse the ocean; that from East and West and North and South the trophies of industry and skill and human daring are gathered together at vast expense, and often at imminent peril? that, in short, dear lady, to place a piano-forte in your parlor, involves from first to last a greater expenditure of courage, skill, science, and genius, than it took to govern ancient Rome, or than now suffices to rule modern France? The piano is a noble instrument, and should be nobly treated. Therefore do not thump it and bang it and ignorantly rattle over it, or consign it to dusty and cobweb-y oblivion; do not load it down with books and all kinds of rubbish (this is both injurious to

the instrument and *unartistic;*) but treat it considerately and tenderly, keep it always nicely dusted, close it when you have done using it, and be especially careful of its *voice;* let those vocal tendons, so delicately strung and adjusted, be always kept at the desirable *pitch of tension;* if they fall, the music of the voice is gone, and the brilliancy and worth of your instrument is departed.

From the Evening Gazette of Dec. 17, 1853.

MR. CHICKERING'S ESTATE.

The interest manifested in the welfare of the firm of Jonas Chickering & Sons, has induced many to ask of the future of a concern so identified with this city. We learn that Mr. Chickering's affairs are left in such a state that it will require very little time to close them up, and it is the intention of the family to continue the business as heretofore. Mr. Thomas E. Chickering is himself a most accomplished and ingenious mechanic, who is every way qualified to assume a position which the loss of his father imposes upon him. He will be assisted by his brothers, Messrs. Francis and George Chickering; and with the aid of Mr. Stephen Clapp, for many years the foreman, and of Mr. George H. Child, the clerk, we anticipate for them many years of prosperity. The new building on Tremont Road will be speedily finished.

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